The ANTIOCH REVIEW

SUMMER, 1954

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France: Collapse of a Class

—E. Drexel Godfrey

Our Foreign Policy in North Africa

—Daniel M. Friedenberg

Cultural Barriers to Point Four

—Chester L. Hunt

The Specter of Predictable Man

—Andrew Hacker

The Wreckers—*a story* . . . . . **Seymour Epstein**

Edward Bellamy: Utopia, American Plan
. . . . **George J. Becker**

Business and Government . . . . **Ray Ginger**

The Women Books . . . . **Robert Bierstedt**

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The ANTIOCH REVIEW

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—Abraham Lincoln

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Editors' Shop Talk

Controversy, we hear, is on the way out these days. With a bow to the critics who say so and also to that strange new practice of designating as "controversial" anything that seems unorthodox, we beg to offer evidence in rebuttal. So far as articles in the *Review* are concerned, we have never before entertained so much dissenting opinion. Last quarter we published Murray Hausknecht's "Confession and Return," an article dealing with the consequences of recanting political heresies. We almost published along with it a series of exchanges between one of our editors and the author, but in the end desisted since the dispute seemed to wax too acrimonious. When we made that decision, we hardly expected dissent from a different quarter. But see the milder and contrasting comment which Mr. Hausknecht draws from Herbert Aptheker in the back pages of this issue.

Not so mild are the comments of Clement Greenberg and Harold Rosenberg on Geoffrey Wagner's "The New American Painting," and Mr. Wagner's recap. The reader may enjoy this sort of thing as much as he did the original article. Can art or controversy be dead when critics do such battle over principles and performances?

Which brings us to articles in the current issue. We have received advance intimations that Chester Hunt's "Cultural Obstacles to Point Four" and Andrew Hacker's "The Specter of Predictable Man" may be in violation of the canons of respectable social science. If anyone thinks so, may we emphasize that we are always hospitable to exception.

But the article we are hoping to get real returns from is Robert Bierstedt's review of the "women books." And, we hasten to add, not just because of Professor Bierstedt, but because of the Kinsey Report and Simon de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*, two of his subjects. We leave Mlle. Beauvoir to the existentialists, or to the slums and to bohemia which were her exclusive experiences on her visit to the United States. As to Dr. Kinsey—a well known psychiatrist, who takes strong exception to the Report, refers to the Doctor's views as "naive." And if someone else isn't disrespectful of Kinsey and of females (we still like women, though), maybe——but God forbid—we shall have to tackle the job ourselves. We'd prefer to trust a woman on it, or a humorist, or both in one. For what we think the subject needs is a plentiful amount of humanity and of humor. If somebody takes us up on that, we'll print the dissent in a minute, and not in the letter column either. P.B.

France: Collapse of a Class

By E. DREXEL GODFREY

One more or less agreed upon truism of our times is the perpetual political illness of France. Like the Ottoman empire of the nineteenth century, France seems to be in a state of permanent dyspepsia, hiccuping and burping her way through the post-war world. By 1954 even the non-professional observer begins to wonder how long the frame will hold up, speculating as to which shudder will be the last. Because we all love France (it is almost an article of faith in the intellectual's catechism to love France), we are pained to see her suffer in pretty much the same way as if we were watching a great aunt undergoing an attack of acute indigestion. We are, in fact, both personally distraught and a little embarrassed because, like our great aunt, she was once such a proud, beautiful, zestful female, and now she is rather pathetic, a little shrivelled, and always crotchety at the suggestion that she is not all she used to be.

What is this sickness, then, which reduces France to political inaction and sometimes sterility? Where is the source of infection—in what sector of the body politic? We shall return to these questions after charting briefly the more dangerous symptoms. These are: an inability to act constructively, a failure to turn political demands into meaningful public policy, and a fixation on a strange image which was the France of 1914 or before.

The sickness seems to be both a mental and physical malaise—it may also be a disease of the will and the spirit. The physical weaknesses are visible everywhere—the areas still unreconstructed from war (there are mining towns in the north of France where whole communities are still living in temporary wooden barracks after being bombed out—not in 1940 or 1944, but in World War I). One sees

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physical weakness in the absence of new capital investment, in the general shoddiness of all but luxury goods, in the high price of food in a rich agricultural country. The signs of mental disorder are equally clear: delusions of grandeur about the France that exists only in the world of the imagination; neurotic insecurity over Germany. The patient compensates for these insecurities by brutalizing natives in colonial North Africa. The ill health of the mind affects the body, too. Official responses to the violent impulses of mass discontent and public surliness are slowing down. The sick body answers the sharp, stabbing pain not by resort to surgery or even medicine, but by lethargically shifting position. Finally, the discomforts and the problems are too many, and the effort to meet them or even to think about them is abandoned. When this happens there must be something new to add to the picture or all is lost. So far France has found nothing new in the postwar world on which much hope can be pinned. Many individual Frenchmen have found Communism. This is indeed, if only momentarily, a new religion of hope, but in itself is more a symptom of the sickness than an adequate cure for it.

There are those who will argue or, perhaps more accurately, who will rationalize that this diagnosis is all wrong. These are the overgenerous who, viewing from the inside, protest, "but France would not be France if she were not always in this sort of muddle." Jean Cocteau in a moment of high and rather fanciful independence has said:

> Why ask of France that she should be neat and orderly, for then she would no longer be France. To us what is bad is the monologue. We don't want to speak with one voice. We like to have a perpetual dialogue, with everyone talking at once.

Cocteau, of course, happens to be speaking from the context of a world within a world—the city of art and literature in the community of France. It has kept more of its vitality and creativeness than any other sector of the society. But even here, there must be reservations. Much of French artistic expression is currently incubated in a form of watered existentialism. Not many creative artists really understand existentialism, but they find it appealing because it can be twisted towards an already latent cynicism.

This is surely not the most hopeful environment for the development of fresh new approaches nor lasting art forms. Again, the French artist or intellectual has contributed much to the sickness which Cocteau finds normal. He is, in the creative arts at least, more likely than not to be a Communist, and as such has abandoned the attempt to shout louder than anyone else in the perpetual dialogue of which Cocteau speaks. Instead, he is busily serving a new, unfamiliar propaganda machine. The artist who is still not a formal captive of the Party can retain some of his genius, although as a person he may be contributing to the indifference which characterizes France's public illness. If and when he joins the Communists he is lost both to the world of art and the world of public concern.

I

It is obvious that Cocteau's view of France's health is not fully acceptable. Perhaps one might be less disturbed if all the voices in the dialogue were, if not constructive, at least deeply preoccupied with the public health of France. Unfortunately they are not—and this fact is in itself one of the signs of disease. There is a growing sense of what many writers now choose to call *incivisme* among wide sectors of the public. This *incivisme* (or as it might be translated, uncivicness) is composed of many negative attitudes, the most prominent of which is a personal dissociation with the political process—not a complete lack of interest or curiosity, but rather a feeling of disgust that so much of politics is conducted on a level above or beyond the plane of popular interest. It of course becomes manifest in other ways—nonpayment of taxes by those who can afford them, ridicule of politicians, bureaucrats, and soldiers, a ridicule that does not reflect a healthy republican skepticism of officialdom, but a more fundamental distrust of the whole business of politics and democracy as it is now constituted.

Many will perhaps protest that *incivisme* has long been a constant in the relations of French people to their government—that it is the product of thinking habits imbedded by the experience of a people who have revolted against authority in 1789, in 1830, in 1848, and in 1871. The most brilliant critic of French social politics, David Thomson, calls this spirit of protest "the revolutionary element." It lies like a solid vein in a specific area of French political consciousness—as in contrast there lies elsewhere the anti-revolutionary element, the socialist element, for example. The revolutionary element ranges from support of the Republican and egalitarian principles of 1789 through more fiery forms of rebelliousness such as the principles of the Commune of 1871. The common denominator of all these faiths has been a determination to protect an unspoiled form of populism from the oppression of privileged orders, and a basic belief in the dignity and equality of man. This historical strain of revolt isolated by Thomson feeds on the ability of many Frenchmen, living generations later, to capture for themselves a wistful share of the exhilaration and horror of victory and defeat on the barricades. It is heightened by the individualism which all observers profess to see in the French national character. It motivates some men in all walks of life, on all levels of society.

We must ask two questions at this point bearing on the sources of *incivisme* and the relationship of the revolutionary element in French life to it. First, what major groups make up the strand of revolutionary protest in French society? Second, do these groups have a monopoly on *incivisme*? Naturally, the revolutionary spirit most sharply affects those whose families were once involved. (This group has the curious distinction of being farthest removed from what we like to think is the heart of France, the land and the life of the peasant.) Rebellion in France has been largely an urban phenomenon. Thus, the grandsons and great-grandsons of 1848, or of the Communards of 1871, are third- and fourth-generation city workers with the special sophistication and psychological sets that this life creates. Here the spirit of revolt, captured from the past, has been reshaped in the present by the institutional demands of modern mass living. Individualistic identity with great moments of history has, in other words, equipped large numbers of urban workers to accept radical doctrine. The facts and circumstances of their living conditions, however, have tended to reduce their mental individualism. Instead they are forced to accept the mass organized and tightly disciplined experience of life in a Stalinist Paris suburb. Mass men living in crowded tenements in crowded suburbs, working in large industrial establishments, and travelling to their jobs in the same crowded subways may often feel that individualism is a luxury they can do without. Paradoxically, the better paid industrial workers find themselves in the most highly disciplined and tightly controlled Communist organizations. Even they, undoubtedly, are more influenced by the regimented sameness of urban existence than by the relative advantages they enjoy at the pay window.

Generally speaking then, the industrial worker can be identified with the revolutionary element that contributes to *incivisme*. It must be recognized, however, that his historical thinking has been subtly redirected toward the discipline of Communism. He has now only an indirect relationship with the French revolutionary past.

II

In any definition of the revolutionary element the second category is in many ways the most important. It must be viewed in the perspective of its impact on several generations of Frenchmen. This is the peasant—in some parts of France poor, sour, and still hostile to the forces of the past which kept him in a state of permanent insecurity. The dirt-poor peasant is a rebel against the state, against the establishments of society, because traditionally before the Revolution he was squeezed by the nobles and the Church hungry for his land. He is a rebel still because, despite some changes in the social order, his own lot has not much changed. The electoral map of France reveals that where Montangnard influence was strongest in peasant areas of the center and south-west in 1849, these same regions, still largely filled with dirt-poor peasants, today produce heavy Communist pluralities. Party organization is here only part of the answer. The real reason for peasant attraction to Communism is that it represents the most violent and intransigent resentment against the *status quo*. In fact, individualism in this case is the significant factor in that the Communist peasant may be said to understand the consequences of an actual Communist political victory on the national level, while at the same time he clings doggedly to his right to use the ballot as a denunciation of his present misery. His individualism has perhaps cost the state the opportunity to enlist him as a responsible citizen, but by the same token the Party cannot count on him for any high degree of self-sacrifice.

So far we have been concerned with the scrubbier, poorer, agricultural districts and their peasantry. It is, however, when the balance of the farming population is considered that we begin to close in on one of the basic issues involved in any diagnosis of the health of modern France. The moderately secure peasant in many ways calls the tune in France. This does not mean that his group necessarily controls the main elements of power, although it controls a great deal, but rather that a heavy majority of the French nation either belongs to this population and occupational group, or has so recently left its influence that its characteristics are felt everywhere.

France is one of the few countries in the world where the terms peasant, lower-middle class, and small-to-middle bourgeoisie are virtually interchangeable. Many farm families boast of at least one son in the liberal professions or in the national bureaucracy. The neighboring farm may have provided a departmental industry with its most useful salesman. A third farm may be run by a son while papa conducts a wholesale market exchange in the nearest town on a railroad line. The late industrialization of France and the relative richness of its agricultural lands have kept the farming population high, but more importantly have kept it on the farm until recent generations. The universal impact of peasant-consciousness, however, is widely felt simply because the peasant is everywhere. Agriculture of moderate proportions is found all over France. The distribution centers and commercial channels, the thousands of country towns, are also entirely controlled by the peasant. Of the ninety odd departments into which the country is divided only a handful are not at least one half devoted, on a population basis, to agricultural pursuits or the distribution of farm products.

Where, then, do we place this ubiquitous figure on the French scene? Is the peasant of moderate to middling fortune and his sons and daughters of the towns and cities a part of the revolutionary element in French society? Only occasionally has the "middle peasant" ever identified himself with the great moments of revolutionary history. During the Revolution of 1789 he might have been a Jacobin, although an undisciplined one. He might have been a Republican in the 1870's when that meant a defiance of the counter-revolutionary social order. He may at one time have been anti-clerical, but if so he was something of an exception. Generally speaking, the peasant was more often than not found on the fence, or at best he was suspicious of revolutionary forces.

Lower-middle-class support and defence of the Republic in the revolutionary tradition was centered in cities, larger towns, and amongst those members of the peasantry already experimenting with part-time occupations outside the farm.

In brief, the Radicals who helped to found and bulwark the Third Republic were the traditional petit bourgeoisie. They had been "urbanized" for a long time; they reflected an early commercial heritage. It was not until the last quarter of the nineteenth century as the rate of industrialization rapidly quickened that the lower middle class began expanding towards modern levels to serve the new society emerging. Most indications point to the fact that it was the peasantry which supplied these new troops for the petit bourgeoisie. The classical manner by which the peasant moved into pursuits of a commercial, industrial, or white collar character was through the market place. An interest in the distribution of his produce very often led to partial participation in the distributive process. In an effort to promote the sale of his cabbages, the peasant rented a stand twice a week in the public market of a nearby town or city. The next move was to the town itself; and finally the second generation was prepared to tackle any job which would not mean a return to the farm.

This process of occupational mobility demonstrates how one group tends to overwhelm another and change its character. The "lower"- and "middle-middle" classes of the cities and towns stood traditionally as aggressive champions of political democracy, the Rights of Man, and the egalitarian Republic as part of the revolutionary complex of faith. They were swamped by mass peasant migrations towards the end of the last century. The class became peasant-oriented. No longer could it be counted as a sound element in French revolutionary tradition. This was a key moment in social history. The disease now sapping French vitality began in this dilution of the lower middle class. The small bourgeois began to turn his back on the revolutionary spirit, the Republic, and Democracy. His withdrawal from public responsibility began at the point where his class was flooded by massive infusions of the peasantry.

III

That form of middle-class *incivisme* which originally developed outside of the revolutionary strand of political life differs in inspiration and in impact. It feeds on the atomistic character of modern society, and, at least in France, poisons as it grows.

For a long time the individualism of the French has been regarded as a supreme virtue. I would suggest, however, that it has gone off the track. As it has been buffeted by the storms of war, especially by inflation and shrinking national prestige, it has become narrow, self-centered, and inner-directed. It should be made clear that this individualism is not now, and perhaps never was, the same as that known in the American stereotype. In the United States individualism meant the rugged, struggling economic pioneer, advancing ruthlessly and alone toward personal goals. In France, individualism was a standing apart and brooking no interference or dictation from any source, but not necessarily "going anywhere." The French petit bourgeoisie now seems to have adopted a type of life characterized by the "cult of the interior," and the indulgence of the virtues of the family. Standing alone, except for his family, he is not "going anywhere."

No doubt there is much to be said for the family ethic—and certainly the troubles of France could not be lessened by the dissolution of family ties. However, one may protest the intensity with which the satisfactions of the small family circle are pursued to the almost total exclusion of community life. The French middle class knew a community existence of some vigor in the nineteenth century—the clubs and circles of the Second Empire are an outstanding example—but now the average bourgeois prefers to stay at home. One suspects that dislike for action has played a part in this reversion, rather than a new flowering in the delights of family virtues.

The causes for this phenomenon are not difficult to trace. Most important, of course, is the one already described, the peasant background of so much of the French lower middle class. All the social and economic imperatives of a way of life that had been defined by small acreage farming, intensive cultivation, and the exploitation of sons and daughters instead of farm labor is reflected today in the urban or small-town bourgeois. His entrepreneurial imagination is limited by the demands of his family and the satisfaction of a few not very startling personal tastes. He cultivates his job or his small shop with the same care that his grandfather cultivated the small farm. He does this not for its own sake, but in order to provide a sheltering refuge for his family, all the members of which must be accommodated with very little. Strenuous efforts might be just as unsettling to established behavior patterns as laxity—which would undermine the whole enterprise. The economic consequences of this state of mind in what elsewhere is the class which provides at least a share of business leadership and imagination is well known. Timidity, lack of investment capital, unprogressive productive techniques, low wages, and high profits are, and have been for some years, hallmarks of the economy.

In so far as it is a separable element, however, we are interested in the political consequences. What effect on democratic consciousness have the insularity and introversion of middle-class France produced? Can we realistically hope for a change in attitude, perhaps stimulated by some flamboyant political newcomer, or by an economic collapse threatening the circle of security of many millions of families? Is there still latent, in other words, that warm understanding and deep appreciation of democratic values which have been so long nurtured in France? Remember that these questions must be considered in light of the fact that democracy has not always had clear sailing in France.

In the words of David Thomson "democracy in France is something to be defended and fought for—if need be behind the barricades. . . . In France it is a burning sense of liberty and equality perpetually menaced by forces of reaction or subversion; the working of a general will which authority will ever frustrate if given the opportunity." Is the French lower-middle class still capable of performing this defensive duty? A goodly share of the upper classes is still piqued by the consequences of 1789. Their enthusiasm for democracy is not even lukewarm. On the other hand, the working class has drifted off into the desert of Communism. This leaves responsibility to the lower middle class. Can it revert back to its traditional principles of defense of the Republic and popular democracy?

Perhaps if the defense of democracy were crystallized into one challenging and exhilarating action to which large numbers could attach themselves for a flurry of defensive activity, democracy could be served. This seldom happens today. It is probable, for example, that when the definitive history of the *Résistance* of the last war is finally written, the *dramatis personae* will turn out to be few. More frankly, it may well be established that all but a handful of the active resisters were Communists, Jews, political fugitives—in short those who were forced underground very early in the play. The probability today is that the opportunity to rally around the Republic under attack from the outside would come only after another danger has been surfaced. That danger, of course, is that democracy will mold away slowly from within rather than collapse suddenly under the hammer blows of a sharp external onslaught.

There are several good reasons for pessimism about the democratic compulsion of the lower middle class. First of all, the bourgeois citizen has abandoned politics as a means of protest or as an affirmation of particular principles. He does not clamor, for example, to turn out the politicians who are discrediting all Frenchmen in Morocco, nor does he thunder indignantly at the disclosure that his deputy has had a hand in securing a government contract for his own construction company. He remains icily indifferent to a police administration that condones the systematic persecution of unemployed Algerians in the metropolitan cities of France. In fact, he is apt to look on this type of political behavior as rather shoddy and graceless, but to conclude that after all politics is the deputies' own particular trade. Some do it well, some don't, but all of them are trying to make a living for their families in the same manner as the small merchants, the clerks, and the farmers.

A more sophisticated view of French politics since 1947 is that it is unreal. The middle-class parties themselves have become almost completely artificial creations. The voter does not count himself a Popular Republican or a Radical Socialist, but thinks of himself as a small bookkeeper from Alsace with a few minimum comforts and a strong desire to take longer vacations. None of the French parties, with the exception of the Communists, is the political representation of one social group or economic level. They do not even combine or synthesize several groups. They are, in the phrase of French social philosopher Georges Suffert, "*abstractions*." There are brilliant quarrels over the Church, the reconstruction program, colonial policies, but none of this is deeply convincing or significant to the voter. Already suspicious, he looks on the fragmentation of issues and the absence of form in the personality and programs of the parties as evidence of evasion and futility. And so the parties are in a sense brutal reflections of this middle class which no longer cares very much about them. Although they are reflections they are not really representatives, only shades playing a game in which all the players seem to be rushing off into a dozen different directions at once because they cannot agree on the rules.

The middle-class parties, like escaped balloons set adrift by their electorates, continue to float along using up their hot air. They have meaning only to one another—not to the hands that heedlessly let them go. It is easy to fall into the cynicism which gripped much of France in the late 1930's and is returning today with a rush. This was a broad feeling of disgust which the journalists called "anti-parliamentarianism," but which may better be called apoliticism.

To descend into jargon, apoliticism is one of the most dangerous forms of *incivisme*. Apoliticism might indeed be considered healthy if it were only a rambunctious protest against authority, a contempt for the pomp and formalism of rule. We have already observed that this was a great tradition in the French past, part of the revolutionary element helping to stoke that "burning sense of liberty" which Thomson describes. It reached a high point at the end of the nineteenth century, during the heyday of anarchism. The anarchists, in fact, went beyond the normal limits of liberty and became a threat to the existence of any form of social order. Their excesses also played a part in turning the middle class back into its own family bosom, for when the anarchists began burning down farm houses and country banks in the 1890's, this was a direct challenge to the careful husbandry of countless thousands of peasant homesteads. This violence, of course, was *incivisme* and apoliticism with a vengeance. It sprang, however, from the despair of the disinherited—the most extreme phase of the revolutionary element. Modern petit bourgeois apoliticism, on the other hand, is a product of the disgust of the disenchanted.

IV

In a recent Assembly discussion on the sad business of Indo-China casualties, a M. Jacquet offered the restless and disgruntled deputies a new defense for government conduct of the war. His main thesis was that Frenchmen were not actually dying as fast in Indo-China as soldiers of a different color. In fact, said Jacquet, four Indo-Chinese natives died for every Frenchman; and more significantly, he added, twice as many "colored troops" from French Africa had been casualties as compared to metropolitan white losses. This cynical disregard for all that was once "the burning sense of equality," and the dignity of man roused no protest except from the Communist and Socialist benches. No longer is it necessary apparently even to pose as a defender of the Rights of Man when one is appealing to the middle-class electorate.

The past summer's manipulations with the Sultan of Morocco is another case in point. Here powerful men of the Right, representing old-fashioned colonial ruthlessness, coldbloodedly set out to undercut the policies of the Foreign Office. They succeeded so well in their coup by bullying and threats that acquiescence was finally achieved within the government for a *fait accompli.* The Sultan was deposed in direct contradiction to the wishes of Bidault. Once again there was no real protest against this sabre-rattling from the Right except by the Communists and Socialists.

For the health of the economy, *incivisme* in the form of mass evasion of taxes by the commercial, professional, and farming groups of the society is a serious malady—especially when it becomes an habitualized behavior pattern. For the health of democracy itself, however, *incivisme* in the form of political indifference to the collapse of minimum standards of responsible and liberal policy on the part of government leaders is not serious—it is catastrophic.

It must be admitted here that indifference and disenchantment about matters of public policy are not the same thing as disinterest in politics. The average Frenchman continues to be well informed about the daily political life of the Chamber. It is still a fascinating game, but increasingly it is becoming the preserve of a few professionals. They play before large audiences who are more interested in their side bets on the point spread and the finesse of certain stars than in either the outcome of the game or in its real objectives. Even the tendency to root for one team as opposed to another is slowing down.

Evidence of disaffection cannot be taken from the bald figures of abstention at the polls. Surprisingly, the total number of people voting in any electoral contest, although declining, is still impressive compared with figures in this country. Other signs are more reliable. Party membership—that is, formal declared adherence—has dropped alarmingly since 1946. Trade union meetings are even more poorly attended than those in the United States. And crucial to this analysis, the famous party newspapers (*les journaux d'opinion*) are in critical difficulties. What used to be the mark of allegiance to principles of political faith, reading the paper of one's party, has now become only the badge of a few party professionals. The postwar circulation of sensational *and neutral* newspapers has shot up beyond any anticipated limits. The biggest seller all over France is a weekly sports magazine, another postwar development.

We have referred already to the fact that few, very few, lower middle-class citizens look any more to politics, to parties, to government for the defense of democracy, or for aggressive pursuit of positive social and political theories. This does not mean, however, that the class is unwilling to use the political arena for other purposes. Organized interest groups are far more powerful and better disciplined in this country with a state-directed economy than in any other land of similar development. The interests mobilized to extract privileges from the government are not all the large and primary production units by any means. In fact the relatively secure small farmer is the best-protected capitalist in all the world. The alcohol lobby, controlling and speaking for winegrowers, beet growers, apple growers, and distillers, condones the production of twice as much alcohol as the country can use. It then forces the government to buy the surplus at four times the world price, which surplus the government must pay to store. Each producer group negotiates directly with the government—or as Theodore White has put it: "The French government does not so much administer its people as it negotiates with them. . . ."

The relative success of Premier Pinay in 1952, who maintained his government in power for the astonishing period of eleven months, was based on his ability to appeal to middle-class friends for a lowering of prices through the mechanism of the producing and trade associations. The government, in other words, bartered political friendship with the organizations of production and distribution for a slight decline in consumer prices. The obvious weakness here is that M. Pinay was in their pocket at first, and as soon as he slipped out of it they had no compunctions about dropping what had been all along a rather artificial support. Some observers (including Mr. White) see in this establishment of a system of professional producing and trade organizations haggling with government ministers the development of a new corporate apparatus not unlike that of Mussolini. This new corporativism is entrenching itself without the prior preparatory spadework of a social or political revolution. Commercial and farming sectors of the economy have extended their influence at the political level of the administrative state almost stealthily. They have carved out for themselves a semi-official status in matters of high public policy—that is, they can dictate what privileged position their particular interest will have. So it is that the lower middle class views politics. The petit bourgeois uses politics for the security of his little business as another tool at his disposal. His American counterpart might use advertising or the services of a merchandising counselor in the same way. The introverted selfishness of the middle-class Frenchman is faithfully reflected in his public life and his public personality.

Unfortunately there does not seem to be a bright side to this gloomy picture. Wishful thinkers mutter with not much real conviction about a return of the non-communist Left as a counter force to the bourgeois parties. By the non-communist Left is meant that sector of the working class and its intellectual-bureaucratic leadership not beholden to the Communists. Such a sector exists, but it is politically divided within itself, and the sum of its parts, even if it were unified, would not dispose of anything equalling Communist power. To be an effective political force, capable of making some of the far-reaching reforms which France needs for a complete economic and social overhaul, the non-communist Left would have to accept alliances. It would have to form governments either with the Communists or the strictly middle-class parties. In either case its hands would be tied by intransigent partners without which it could not act at all—and in whose company it would lose its identity.

V

A graver portent for France than the weakness of the non-communist Left is the "*embourgeoisement*" of a wider proportion of the whole people. This process is extending even into the working class and is threatening its position in the revolutionary element. The economic policies of middle-class governments take little or no account of the real needs of the working class; instead these governments generally collapse into a state of sterile immobility in the effort to placate conflicting interests of the more secure classes. Nevertheless, a considerable expansion—if not of middle-class incomes, at least of middle-class values, is noticeable in France. There is nothing unique or unusual about this tendency that occurs sooner or later in every industrial society which has reached a degree of maturity. What is surprising is that one finds a ready acceptance of middle-class values by people whose own lot may be a good deal more unfavorable than that of a high proportion of industrial workers, and to whom an active class consciousness was in the past a vital part of their normal conditioning process. The commercial sector of the French economy is still expanding at an astonishing rate. This is not, it must be noted, what the economy needs most by any means.

Proportionately the number of workers employed in commerce is almost double that in the United States. The number of retail shops in the country increased by a half million from 1939 to 1950. A quarter of the total active population outside of the farms is engaged in specialized jobs, setting them a cut above the unskilled and semi-skilled factory workers, while in recent years the unskilled and semi-skilled categories have actually been decreasing in number. These figures suggest clearly that more and more Frenchmen are now depending for their livelihood not on huge industrial plants, but on small establishments which, in the manner of small business everywhere, generate their own compulsions and rationalizations for social conservatism. In France this can only mean the adoption of the self-directed, protectively oriented middle-class ethic. The employee working in a *charcuterie*, of which there are too many, in a travel agency, in a tiny plant putting together new radios from old parts, in a gas station, is not much removed from his employer—he is, in fact, far more attached than his brother in the huge Renault factory, or on the farm, to an acquired situation which he judges to be privileged. Commercial establishments and light or supporting industries are still developing because they are protected by their own management associations and trade organizations. Usually such shops are not much susceptible to the organizing techniques of unionists. Without leadership (and leadership is not very dynamic in a country where the unions are politically divided) the growing group of "non-proletarian" workers thus created is strongly compelled towards the very social and political values which are those of its middle class employer—caution, conservatism, security, and selfish personal interest. In a word, the "non-proletarian" worker is in the process of being weaned away from the revolutionary tradition of his past. What he can turn to is only a faint promise of possible self-advancement in a social situation which is stagnating.

VI

How to conclude this melancholy survey of France's sickness? It must first be admitted that the coverage is by no means exhaustive. There are many other causes, and causes behind causes which cannot be discussed here. The reasons for sickness cannot all be laid at the door of the lower middle class. Some of the other causes are natural—such as a deficiency in certain basic resources which has resulted in an unfortunately insecure relationship with Germany. The fear thus generated has produced what amounts to a national inferiority complex. The diversity of French culture and talents has been both a great fortune and a divisive influence. The richness of the historical past enables too many Franchmen to live in a context that does not often recognize current phenomena as real or meaningful.

The recent Presidential election, which turned into a period of national shame, in a way symbolized all that was diseased in the body politic of France. As the agonizing days of balloting and caucusing passed, each more tedious and frightening than the last, it became apparent that almost none of the contestants had any popular support—that is to say, despite the viciousness of the struggle, no leader put forward by the parties enjoyed any public popularity or much respect outside of the Parliament. Of course, it has long been a practice to propose smiling mediocrities for the office of President of France. But this year the occasion might have served to supply the nation with a figure of stature and dignity for the sake of unity and a fresh start. Instead, the innate selfishness of middle-class politicians, and the will o' the wisp of German fears controlled all activity. The Premier behaved so badly that one might have supposed it was his duty as national leader to set the worst example. More than one political career died permanently in the long, stubborn sessions during which greedy men tried to outmaneuver one another. Laniel was one whose future plans were foreclosed. But this was not a serious casualty. The great loss to France came as the public—or at least that portion of the public still interested—began to realize that it was shut out of the negotiating of the politicians. Neither the candidates nor the issues in the balance represented anything of much significance beyond the caucus rooms. Politics had become the plaything of middle-class specialists in privilege and trivia.

From the wings watched two interested, but not much amused, spectators. One was Marshal Juin, the new strong-man candidate of the traditional anti-revolutionary Right, a man who manipulates powerful forces in French North Africa with the same grim assurance that he insultingly scorns the President of France. No one is sure what he is waiting for, but it seems obvious that his best tactic is to sit back while the indifference of the still growing middle class and the resentment of the working class mounts until it produces total paralysis —as it almost did late last summer when the entire economy ground to a halt for several threatening days.

The other watcher in the wings was Pierre Mendès-France, a young man of the middle class, but one who has not let slip his warm trust in democracy and the principle of defending the Republic against all its enemies in the best revolutionary tradition. He has played so well the role of keeper of the Assembly's conscience in recent years that he, almost alone of the major political figures today, has gathered a following of some depth and enthusiasm both inside and outside the Chamber. It was Mendès-France who taunted the deputies last spring with that magnificent phrase, "Gentlemen, it is already 1788." Unafraid to look on his country as she exists today, not as she was forty years ago, he is equally fearless when it comes to cataloguing the minimum policies needed to reduce the greatest hardships facing the nation. It is more a commentary on the quavering envy of his colleagues in the Chamber than a reflection on Mendès-France himself that he failed by a handful of votes in his bid to form a government last summer. True to the self-deluding cautiousness of their petit-bourgeois orientation the deputies could not bring themselves to face the changes which he promised, and which, worst of all, they suspected he could deliver. However, there is a big "but" to the proposals which Mendès-France has thrust with imaginative force on the floor of the Assembly. This "but" recognizes that France has to choose its priorities. For his part a drastic overhaul of the French economy and the elimination of privilege for the most protected areas of the economy come first. It is this protection which more than anything else keeps the restrictive middle class mentality alive. These two goals, says Mendès-France, can only be met at the cost of ditching the Indo-China war and reducing France's NATO obligations. No neutralist, he feels he must appeal to these elements if he is to attack the growing listlessness of the middle-class governmental superstructure. This is a cruel choice for the nation to make. It delights many of the deputies who long to be rid of these commitments anyway, but who do not share Mendès-France's enthusiasm for subsequent reforms. Can we have sufficient confidence in M. Mendès-France's middle-class colleagues to believe that he understands the implications of their current interest? He is surrounded by bourgeois deputies who have lost the devotion to the ideals of the revolutionary republic that their predecessors once elaborated. Cut off by a public which no longer nourishes itself on democratic and populist doctrines, he must reckon on an expansion of the bourgeois mentality, as commercialism grows in France. He will, perhaps, be mouse-trapped by the very society he hopes to correct.

More might be said, but nothing would change much the basic indictment of the small-minded, peasant-based lower middle class. If Indo-China and full membership in NATO have to be given up because this class must be either bribed or bullied out of its narrow selfishness, then the responsibilities are clear. If the diagnosis has been harsh it is because of the unpleasant implication which lies beneath the surface of the picture here presented. The French torpor contains a warning for all societies where the balance of democratic forces is both too small and too introverted for effective action based on political ideals. Democrats the world over have believed with varying degrees of intensity that popular government must be tied to a few things transcending the job and personal comfort. Abandoned on both right and left, the French lower middle class has chosen to forget this essential. Perhaps it is time for all democracies to reassess this assumption.

Our Foreign Policy in North Africa

By DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG

THE LAST TWO YEARS have seen widespread unrest in the French controlled areas of Morocco and Tunisia. Twice, an Asian-African bloc, led by several Arab states, has requested the United Nations Assembly to investigate French policy in North Africa and twice, by virtue of considerable pressure, the Assembly has sidestepped the issue. It is time that the American public should analyze what is actually happening in these two North African countries, with the hope that it may thereby more effectively promulgate a foreign policy to deal with this very dangerous situation.

It will be useful, as a preamble, to review what happened in each of the two sessions of the United Nations Assembly when the Asian-African bloc succeeded in introducing the Tunisian Question and the Moroccan Question on the agenda. The reactions to this move may be conveniently divided into the several positions taken by the interested parties.

A. Asian-African bloc: The UN General Assembly should intercede and proffer its good offices in a case where there is a threat to the peace.

B. British position: The matter is a domestic one between two parts of a whole and disturbed relations are merely aggravated by intrusion.

C. French stand: The United Nations has no jurisdiction in domestic problems and the French refuse to participate in illegal proceedings.

DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG has observed North Africa on three separate postwar trips to the entire Arab-speaking littoral from Morocco to Suez. He has published articles in the *New Republic*, *Commonweal*, the *New Leader*, and other liberal journals. He was Executive Director for the Liberal Party in New York County after it split from the Communist-dominated American Labor Party in 1945, and has more recently been associated with the Democratic Party in New York County.

D. American position: The case may be discussed but nothing tangible should be done.

The stated reasons in each case were, of course, a product of deeper underlying problems. We might review the real reasons in the same order as those stated:

A. The Asian-African bloc, particularly that part of it of the Moslem faith, wants to free colonial segments from European domination to aggrandize its own power in the world situation. The recent independence of Libya, conquered by the Italians at about the same time as Morocco, gives them a convenient reference.

B. The British know that if the United Nations Assembly were allowed to intervene in a French protectorate, they would be plagued by a dozen similar problems in the immediate future.

C. Any French government recognizing the validity of North African claims would immediately collapse. Algeria, now incorporated into Metropolitan France proper, would be isolated and, with its overwhelming Moslem population, would undergo enormous nationalist pressure.

The American position is more complicated and needs close analysis. Let us refer to the arguments formally advanced by the Honorable Philip C. Jessup, speaking for the United States Delegation to the General Assembly in front of Committee One on December 6, 1952 and then merely repeated in different words by the Honorable Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., our new Representative, on October 13, 1953:

> . . . it is essentially a problem that relates to the fulfillment of national aspirations [not international security]. In security questions, members of the Assembly are called upon definitely to make a judgment and to take sides. . . . With a number of other cases involving political elements and engendering strong feelings . . . the General Assembly seeks to exercise a moderating influence without definitely taking sides with one or the other party. . . . The Assembly is not a body which must in every case act as a court and pronounce categorically in favor of the contentions of one side and against the contentions of another.
>
> Insofar as the position of the United States is concerned . . . we further believe that any development interfering with this orderly process [i.e. the evolutionary development in the relations between France and Tunisia] would be the wrong way to deal with the situation. . . . We of the United States cannot sit in judgment between our friends to say "This should be done today and that tomorrow."

On December 10, Mr. Jessup continued: ". . . it seems to me the best thing the Assembly can do is try and create an atmosphere in which negotiations between France and Tunisia can proceed in a calm and forward looking manner."

Although the year of 1953 saw extensive rioting in Morocco, culminating in the deposition of the Sultan by the French with a more docile puppet installed in his stead, as well as another series of "unsolved" political murders of prominent Tunisian nationalists, Henry Cabot Lodge summed up the preceding arguments in the next session: ". . . we do not consider the matter before us as one which endangers the maintenance of international peace and security. . . . May our action here promote an atmosphere in which France and Morocco will move continually closer to effectuating self-government for the people of Morocco."

To put it most plainly, the American position consisted of trying to stay friendly with both camps. A summary of the real thought behind this position might be summarized by the two schools of divergent opinion now existing in American political circles:

I. Pro-French: France is the core of the Europeanization of the separate countries of Europe; despite the present strength of the Adenauer German government, without the effective cooperation of France—in the NATO, Monnet Plan and Strasbourg Parliament—Europe will fly to pieces again or what remains will become a Germanized Europe rather than a European Germany. Most French troops are committed to the unpopular Indochinese War. A further weakening of French prestige will lead to any of the following catastrophes: a weakening of the Center parties and a strengthening of the Communist left and the DeGaullist right; a withdrawal from French Indochina with the resultant domination of Southeastern Asia by Red China; an anarchic economic and political turmoil in Morocco, with the cutting off of military bases and industrial raw materials from the West; a Germanization of Europe.

II. Pro-Asian-African bloc: The only effective anti-Communist position that will be meaningful for the West, in terms of historic perspective, is to encourage the development of independence, actual independence, in the former colonial areas, preferably as part of regional blocs that share common cultural affinities. In the present world crisis, we do not ask whether Tito believes in God or Franco in democracy: we now know that although much is bad, there is still a worse. Indeed, many feel that the historic task of our generation is not make China less Red, but more Chinese: the political expression is subordinate to imperialist domination. Therefore, we must encourage struggling ancillary political units to regain their freedom, if necessary at the cost of recognizing that their historic development does not necessarily have to be a repetition of ours.

The difficulty in attempting to establish a valid United States policy for North Africa seems to be the establishment of certain correct propositions, or general policies, whose particular consequences can be controlled. Any attempt to create a coherent policy must involve an understanding of the consequences of these general propositions and a study of the specifics to see which lead to that policy most conducive to our national interest.

It may be said that, with the exception of a small number of Communists, all Americans will agree that our national survival is the ultimate premise of foreign policy. Beyond this, we endeavor to secure, in any specific political situation, our happiness and, only secondarily, the happiness of nonAmericans. If we may consider our happiness as well-being, it should be our hope to be just in our relation with others, or minimally unjust, because we can hardly be happy with the acquisition of material goods at the expense of those of the spirit. Our problem is, then, that expediency, spurred by the pressure of our material interests, may conflict with our broader and equally strong moral and ethical interests. To escape from this dilemma should be a cardinal principle of our approach to world affairs. If we could create an enforceable international law, effectively policed, political decisions would no longer be based on expediency, but on justice. Until that time arrives, however, our natural interests must be defined as the good, and policy must be formed which most benefits our material goods and least damages our spiritual goods; i.e. one which will be minimally unjust. To create such a policy in North Africa, we must understand the consequences of French suppression and the pretentions of Moroccan and Tunisian nationalism.

The problem in North Africa, from the point of view of those sympathetic with the position of the Asian-African bloc, centers in the fact that the French have very little time coupled with much short-sighted leadership. The longer one dominates, the greater is the tendency for tyranny by force to become legitimate power by representation. The French have had no trouble in Algeria, more in Tunisia and most in Morocco; and this represents exactly the time order of conquest. Their leadership since the end of World War II has been almost legendary in its blunders. In Morocco, there has been no attempt to integrate the Berbers into an enlightened colonial policy. The natives are refused all right to vote in their own country, although there are only some 400,000 Frenchmen permanently living among eight million Moors. Native labor organizations are banned while the French unions, dominated by Red leadership, are allowed to spread Communist propaganda. In an almost monotonous pattern, the financial interests are controlled by French, Jews and Greeks, while only the most common labor is performed by the natives. In those rare cases where Berbers and Frenchmen are employed at the same jobs, the latter receive many times the pay for the same work. To add to the insult, hotels and restaurants are proscripted to the Berbers in their own land. In Tunisia, when national leaders become too strong they are simply murdered and though there is no absolute proof pointing to the Red Hand, the French terrorist organization, impartial surveys have indicated that the French police, if not directly implicated, certainly do everything possible to avoid making arrests. A French study committee had to admit that Tunisian concentration camps, established under the Vichy government, are still being employed for political prisoners contrary to present French law. To see the consequence of what Messrs. Jessup and Lodge politely called "the high purpose to which France has pledged herself," we might turn to French Indochina. In 1946 Ho Chi-minh, Vietminh leader, demanded colonial status similar to that being given at the time by Britain to her former possessions. Because of pressure put on the French government by the rich French Indochinese colonialists, he was turned down, thereby forcing Ho Chi-minh into the arms of Moscow. The result everyone knows today: what is less realized is that France, reluctantly, clumsily, retreating backwards step by step, has already given to the "loyal" Viet-Nam more than was demanded by Ho Chi-minh in the first place. What the Vietminh asked for in 1946, the moderate leaders of the Neo-Destour party of Tunisia and the more extreme Istiqlal party in Morocco are asking today. In this same period India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma and Indonesia have all received independence: and it might be noted that not one has a Communist government. The native leaders of Tunisia and Morocco have the perfect right to query that if naked power is the one thing France respects, why shouldn't they also be free to employ it?

If these developments occurred in an out-of-the-way nook of the world, it might be of little concern to the United States. Any schoolboy can see by looking at the map, however, that Morocco is the key to any attempted invasion of America from the West: fronting both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, it is the junction of both Africa and Europe, a stiletto cutting straight toward the American shore line. What happens in North Africa vitally affects the security of the United States.

Those supporters of the pro-Asian-African point of view, putting aside all idealistic reasons for supporting nations struggling toward independence, might summarize their position as follows:

A. From the point of view of the Arab nations, North Africa forms a homogeneous part of their culture, tied to them by language, religion and ethnic background. Out of some 50 millions of people who speak Arabic, over 33 million or almost two-thirds live in North Africa. This area, therefore, cannot be ignored as a gambit in the fight for the virtually untouched reserve of over 200 billion barrels of oil in the Near and Middle East (the total known reserves in the United States amounting to only 47 billion barrels, including tidelands oil), without which it is a question whether the United States and Western Europe could survive.

B. The hate in the French Arab countries is directed against France as the hate of the Middle East is directed against England. By an indiscriminate support of the colonial policies of these countries, we become identified with them: while at the same time Russia is viewed, if not as a liberator, at least as a lever that can be used for liberation.

C. The French fiction of police power to restrain political reform rests on the theory that events in North Africa are entirely of French concern and nobody else's business. Once such sophistry is admitted, there is no reason why an equally opposite fiction could not be projected—and indeed with more validity—that the affairs of the Arab countries are only of concern to Arabs. This would be a most dangerous development because it would destroy any possibility of a regional grouping for this area as part of a larger Atlantic community, the only affirmative long-range hope for this region.

D. Our foreign policy should not be based so much on a crusade for democracy or institutions that seem to resemble ours, as on organizing the concerted support of nations who respect world order, who do not practice aggression and who will not support the new Russian imperialism. This minimal definition may not be as satisfactory as many of us would wish, but it lies at the root of our recognition of Franco and Tito. That is why many recognize the Egyptian dictatorship as a healthier ally than the Balkan-comedy apparatus of democracy under King Farouk. Our foreign policy should be based on a crusade for peace through strength by eliminating power vacuums, rather than a dialectical and unreal separation of good and evil, with good automatically being defined as that which resembles the institutions of the United States.

E. The delay of reform in North Africa creates extremists of two types: either Communists and fellow travellers; or violent nationalists of the type of the Arab League and the Moslem Brotherhood, having emotional attachments to the Neo-Nazis and other fascist elements. By alienating the moderates such as the Neo-Destour party in Tunisia, we undermine our own strength; by the tacit support of such groups as the terrorist French Red Hand in Tunisia we associate ourselves with those who are eliminating from positions of power men who support our point of view. We must not wait until disaster strikes, as in French Indochina.

F. The simple and final fact remains that we have been paying over three-quarters of the cost of the war in Indochina while at the same time the French complain that we ought to contribute even more. It may be that after another series of blunders the French will drop the whole North African problem in our lap. He who pays the piper should call the tune.

To counterbalance these arguments, the pro-French school of thought rightfully points out that North Africa cannot be isolated from the European question and that without a Western European confederation dominated by France, we might say that in effect Germany really won World War II. It should be the mission of the United States foreign policy to reassure the French that we do not want to liquidate French influence in North Africa but rather orient it to a more realistic level in a world where the old form of colonial paternalism is manifestly impossible; that indeed, by giving a little at the strategic time, much more can be salvaged than through a policy of rigid intransigence. The author of this article happened to spend some time in India in 1947 when the partition of India and Pakistan was being subtly maneuvered by the British. Considering the bitterness of Hindu opinion at the time, it might be considered a miracle of English flexibility that only six years later Prime Minister Nehru, imprisoned for a long period by the British for nationalistic activities, voluntarily walked in symbolic homage at the crowning of Queen Elizabeth II. The lesson the English have practiced so well is the art of giving: which means the art of holding. The French are nowhere disliked in their colonies to the extent the British used to be; they have little of the "sahib" mentality, and the moral and intellectual prestige of France is still relatively unimpaired. But like the fable of the tall tree, it would seem they prefer to snap rather than bend.

The pro-French school of thought likewise feels that the Arabs are not to be trusted as allies, but would play a neutralist role in world politics. This is one of those calculated risks every affirmative policy must take. Certainly the present *status quo* in Morocco and Tunisia is unhealthy, with every indication that it will further disintegrate without a forthright American stand. France is bleeding to death in the Far East and faces the same result in North Africa unless she modifies her position. The Arab states consider Western policy hypocritical—or what is even worse, concerned alone with European supremacy—when we cry about the loss of liberty of European peoples under the Soviet yoke while we suppress Moslem liberty on the farther side of the Mediterranean. Common sense demands a uniform policy in a unilateral world. Besides, recognition does not involve military aid and economic aid unless certain minimum conditions are met. Athens and Sparta fought a long bloody war; Philip of Macedon bought both with gold and united Greece. By aiding the moderates of North Africa, we can forge the links to unify this area in a cultural hegemony which will effectively act as a force for peace.

A popular French view, especially among the DeGaullists and certain elements of the rightist parties, is that we are pressing for more self-rule in the French colonies as a method of favoring American businessmen and, perforce, to eliminate French profits in Tunisia and

Morocco. This charge could be met by a governmental pledge on our part not to invade certain markets for a certain length of time, somewhat similar to the collateral agreements among the countries at present adjusting to the new unified European Coal and Steel market. The French ought to realize by this time that loss of direct political control does not necessarily mean loss of the economic market; on the contrary, it should be their enlightened opportunity to create fraternal bonds between the home country and the former colonies which will lead to greater economic opportunity, as the British have done in Pakistan and Burma. The grant of independence to the Philippine Islands in no way altered the trade between the United States and its former colony.

Many French point to the anarchy that prevailed in Morocco before their entry and feel that all order would disappear with their loss of control. They refer with pride to the bustling cities of Morocco, the vitality of Casablanca, the development of large farms and the creation of mines and ports. All this is to their credit. It is a rapidly disappearing myth, however, that the white European and American are the only peoples capable of organizing a modern society. Many British made the same statement about India, which stands today as the one great bastion of democracy in the Far East. It is natural that a certain amount of chaos will ensue for a short period; shake any bottle and it will take time before the disturbed particles sift to rest. Insofar as the economic vitality of these countries is concerned, if there is one thing we should have learned from the long stand of Mossadegh in Iran, it is that a seeming prosperity wrongly based does not vitally influence the mass standard of living. It is a fundamental question whether all the French economic activity in Morocco, for example, has affected the real standard of living of the Berber masses; since most of the French capital investment is devoted to industrial raw materials and producers' goods, while the Berber is concerned only with a sparse number of consumers' goods (principally food), it may be that the resultant inflation of an economy in the process of industrializing has actually lowered his real income. The one thing we know for certain is that the development of Casablanca and the other large cities has created a new mass of what might be considered a "Westernized proletariat," living in frightful slums, detribalized and separated from their traditional mores and religion. This mass is a spiritual tinderbox, ready to flame up at the correct nationalist or Communist match; and it is the duty of the United States policy, in self-protection and aside from all idealistic considerations, to persuade France to enable moderate native leadership to guide it to a way of life more conducive to spiritual and material fulfillment.

Thus it would seem that both our material interest and our moral beliefs demand a more affirmative position in North Africa. We now know that it is the American people who will be forced to pay the expense of any explosion caused by permitting the French to repeat in Morocco and Tunisia what they have already done in Indochina; we also know that there is little initiative in France to change the ugly pattern of events. We alone—quietly, persuasively but forcefully—can insist that any future economic aid be conditioned on acts and not pious statements such as Messrs. Jessup and Lodge repeated from the lips of former French Minister Schuman. This policy will also be in line with our traditional anticolonial attitude which has always consisted of giving a helping hand to the oppressed. It is a unique opportunity for a country to orient its foreign policy so that its interest—and hence happiness and well-being—rests on doing justice.

May I quote here to our French friends from the famous Paris neutralist newspaper *Le Monde*, which ran a series of articles on the mental anguish of the moderates of Indochina, torn between the communist Vietminh and their own puppet French government:

> You have put us in an unsolvable situation. Why should we sacrifice our honor, after our liberties, to defend foot by foot a detested past against a perhaps monstrous future? How can you wish that we choose between corruption and tyranny? . . . Who fights truly for liberty, a communist Ho Chi-minh "counseled" by the Chinese or a nationalist Bao Daï "protected" by the French?

It is the enlightened task of United States foreign policy in North Africa to avoid this horrible dilemma, to exercise its enormous prestige and its powerful economic aid program so that Americans will not have to envisage dying in the deserts of North Africa again.

Cultural Barriers to Point Four

By CHESTER L. HUNT

THIS ARTICLE is written with all the fear which every heretic must feel when he goes against his ancient vows, for it is an attack on a rather deep-seated tendency of my chosen field, sociology. This field covers so considerable an area that a sociologist has been defined by more restricted academics as "a man who has an alibi for being any place at any time." The apparent difficulty of narrow definition is due to the fact that our interest, together with that of the cultural anthropologist, is in the varied patterns of group organization—a classification which brings all forms of human association within our field of study.

Early in the history of the discipline, we discovered that much of the world's friction was due to a failure to understand that different social institutions may bring people to common human goals. In the course of this discovery, we became advocates of the right of human groups to follow their own patterns, even when these patterns were strikingly different from those of Main Street, U.S.A. The heresy which prompts this article is a feeling that our emphasis on cultural freedom and the inherent value of the system by which any group organizes its social life has been overdone. To the extent that the charge is justified, it illustrates the danger that the very act of promoting a new concept usually tempts the faithful to push the new insight beyond the limits of its legitimate application.

The basis for this emphasis on social self-determination was a growing appreciation of the value of supposedly "backward" cultures. We learned that the Samoans, at least before the United States Navy came in, did not have adolescent problems and that the Hopi Indians had a social integration superior to that of most modernized social

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This article reflects CHESTER HUNT's experience and observations as a Fulbright Professor of Sociology at the University of the Philippines over the past two years. In the United States Professor Hunt has been a member of the faculty of Western Michigan College.

groups. Our message was that every culture must be judged by its own standards and that no bigoted westerners were entitled to offer arbitrary institutional panaceas to the rest of the world. It now seems that sociology has been hoist by its own petard or perhaps I should say, atrophied by its own relativity. Its message has been exaggerated and oversimplified so that it stands in danger of being more of a hindrance to social advance than a tool to attain human understanding. The specific occasion for these laments is the impact of the notion of cultural freedom on the foreign aid program.

Recently, in a cottage on the campus of the University of the Philippines, I read Gardner Murphy's *In the Minds of Men*. His report on the results of the UNESCO Commission which analyzed Indian social tensions ends with a word about the receptivity of India to American help. India, it seems, wants to improve her standard of living and desires technical assistance and foreign capital, but is in no mood to accept uncritically the whole pattern of western culture. Rather than wholesale adaptation of western customs, the Indians desire to pick and choose the cultural elements they will accept. Industrial techniques and public health practices may be valid, but occidental patterns of family life, political institutions, religious movements, and business entrepeneurship may be disregarded as either harmful or irrelevant to the aims of a modern oriental state.

The mixed reactions of the Indians strike a note familiar in many quarters. Even the Philippines, an area more subject to American influence than any other spot in Asia, shows some of the same symptoms. Orators in the Islands mingle quotations from the Gettysburg Address with admonitions against "slavish imitations" of western culture, and politicians speaking in English proclaim the necessity of developing an indigenous national language. The case of language is interesting here, as English has been the language in the schools since the turn of the century and has become the *lingua franca* in a country in which no single local dialect is spoken by a majority of the inhabitants. English became the vehicle through which American culture was spread throughout the educated citizenry, but this does not guarantee its future place in Filipino life. Not only has nationalistic enthusiasm led to making the Manila language (Tagalog) a required subject in schools throughout the country, but recent legislation also makes mandatory the teaching of Spanish, which, according to the last census, is spoken by less than two per cent of the population. Judging from the treatment of language, one of the first fruits of independence was an effort to minimize American influence in a school system which that influence had brought into being.

India and the Philippines are by no means unique in this respect and the same effort to achieve improved economic standards while rejecting cultural changes associated with industrial development is prevalent throughout the world even including western Europe. Nor is it a case of Americans pushing their institutions against the opposition of a reluctant world, for often Americans abroad are even more solicitous about the local culture than the indigenous population.

All Americans are haunted by the mistakes of those legendary missionaries who are accused of exposing the Polynesians to pneumonia by persuading them to wear Mother Hubbards. Today's missionaries are schooled in anthropology as well as the Scriptures, and other emissaries such as teachers, travelers, businessmen, diplomats and Army officers are all impregnated with the idea that indigenous culture has inherent value which keeps it immune from all criticism. It is a peculiar reversal of values, for Americans have learned to look at their own customs with the coldly analytical eye of the Kinsey report which implies that no traditions are sacred and that every practice must be tested by its current utility.

In looking at America's international efforts, the first thing apparent is the strict demarcation between production techniques and other aspects of the American social pattern. Here, the assumption seems to be that we can export the tools and know-how of mass production, while leaving other aspects of the local culture relatively unchanged. The work of the cultural anthropologists has been so widely disseminated that neither Americans nor others any longer have the notion that the entire universe should be remade in the American pattern. This attitude has prevented the growth of an American imperialism and made visiting experts somewhat more respectful of the strange customs of other countries. Whether it is actually a realistic approach to economic change is another question.

Perhaps we ought to get down to specifics and mention the kind of cultural traits that seem to be involved. One which is often puzzling to Americans is the definition of "materialism." Cultures in which the rich pay few taxes, escape major charitable contributions and live on a sumptuous scale while the bulk of the populace are malnourished, can be classified as "spiritual" in their orientation. Charitable organization, decent wages, public health facilities, businessmen concerned about the living standards of their employees—all this adds up to "materialism." Evidently, the notion that the spiritual has a material aspect is a western heresy.

One part of society which is assumed to be immune from change is the family. In most of the world today, the individual is still submerged in a strong family group which chooses his mate, absorbs his money and makes the major decisions of life on a basis of family rather than individual needs. Such a family usually includes three generations and several households with decisions made on an authoritarian basis by the oldest active family members. It would appear to be more than coincidental that countries with this family system complain of lack of individual initiative and pioneering spirit and of nepotism in both business and government.

While treading on sacred ground, it might be just as well to consider the case of religious institutions. Religion is a touchy subject on which men hold strong feelings and since there is undoubtedly a measure of truth in all religious beliefs, the wise man lets them alone and goes about his business. At any rate, there is no relation between the approach to whatever divine powers there be and the rate of steel production—or is there? The experience of western Europe which saw the Industrial Revolution and modern capitalism develop most rapidly in areas populated by Calvinists might at least raise a question in this regard. Apparently, in this area, religious beliefs which stressed thrift, hard work, simplicity, individual moral responsibility and the achieving of earthly goals walked hand in hand with the accumulation of capital and the development of industry.

Religion in the underdeveloped countries is far removed from any stress on the puritan virtues. The tradition-bound rigidity of Islam, the otherworldly emphasis of Buddhism, the ascetism of Hinduism and the fiesta-laden Catholicism of countries with a Spanish tradition may embody important teachings, but their emphasis is not calculated to produce industrious workers, thrifty capitalists or daring promoters. Since all religious groups claim that religion is the foundation of conduct, one might well raise the question as to how the traits of character essential to a business society may be developed when they are not supported by the dominant religious movements.

Even more exempt from scrutiny than the churches are the institutions of government. In the Wilsonian era, the slogan to make the world safe for democracy seemed both feasible and desirable. Now we have learned the difficulties of exporting our earlier brand of democracy and seem to be concentrating on spreading the concept of the welfare state. The aim is to organize governments which will guarantee the good life and thus offset promises of a communist utopia. The weakness of this procedure is that government cannot distribute the products of industry unless industry has first developed to a point where there are products to distribute. The premature welfare state is driven to inflation by popular pressure for higher living standards and thereby hopelessly retards the essential process of capital formation. A government whose policies favor private enterprise may be difficult to secure, but if industrialization is desired, the choice lies between facilitating the work of private capital or regimenting the country's efforts through a totalitarian regime.

The peoples who wish to avail themselves of the advantages of a higher output of goods while avoiding drastic changes in their life patterns protest that they are trying to avail themselves of the benefits of industrialism while avoiding its evils. Another interpretation is that made by several observers to the effect that underdeveloped countries wish to acquire the end results of economic development while resisting the attitudes which make such development possible.

Cultural relativism has been taken to mean that social traits have to be judged in their total context and that what would be abnormal behavior on Park Avenue might be a perfectly logical type of conduct in Uganda. The difficulty with the application of this concept is the tendency to forget that what makes variation permissible is not the geographical locale or even past cultural history, but the way the specific practice fits into the total system. The fact that the rule of the tribal chief may be hallowed by tradition does not mean that it will be an adequate government mechanism when the way of livelihood changes from hunting to labor in a factory.

While there have been occasional cases in which representatives of western powers ruthlessly ignored the value of local tradition in a blind devotion to their own prejudices, this is not now a major evil.

Rather, westerners have encouraged other peoples to minimize the scope of adjustment to a new technological era and to cling to practices which have outlived their usefulness. In the name of cultural freedom, we have ignored the fact that society is a series of interrelated factors, none of which can be changed without alteration in the others.

Most of the maladjustment which has accompanied industrialization has come not from too much tampering with indigenous institutions, but from a reluctance by all concerned to face up to necessary changes. The results are the kind of difficulties that come from trying to teach sanitation to men who do not accept the germ theory of disease, or denouncing dictatorship to those who have never known democratic participation in any area of life.

The consequence is that underdeveloped countries do not seem to generate their own motive power in a way satisfactory either to themselves or the rest of the world. Foreign aid which is supposed to prime the pump of economic development becomes merely a temporary palliative with little permanent effect.

The picture is usually one of a government in which graft is endemic at the bottom and a major malady at the top. In the development of industry, local capitalists decline to take the risks of business enterprise and instead invest their savings in land, or, where possible, in the securities of more fully industrialized countries. Meantime, foreign investors are harried by exchange restrictions, nationalistic requirements on employment of natives and the constant threat of outright confiscation. Labor, at the same time, is irregular and inefficient. Education, all too often, simply drains the best manpower away from agriculture and industry into governmental and professional positions. Finally, the entire populace has been swayed by a Hollywood description of higher living standards and demands to see these standards fulfilled without further waiting.

This failure of business enterprise to become accepted by indigenous groups is reflected in the attitude of foreign capital. The reports of the United States Department of Commerce indicate that petroleum development led the field in foreign investment last year. The petroleum industry is one well adapted to development as a type of cultural island in a country which, as a whole, is not friendly to business enterprise. The industry is developed by foreign engineers who sell most of the product outside the country. Royalties from oil enrich the national coffers, but the industry itself is largely independent of the local economy.

By contrast, heavy industry which requires a long term commitment and an intimate adjustment to the country's economic life, does not attract either local or foreign capital. Most of this type of investment has come from direct governmental action. Since the governments are inexperienced and short of both capital and skilled personnel, the result is likely to be a field day for corruption and inefficiency with limited constructive achievements.

Frequently, education is offered as a cure-all for ills blocking economic progress. Indeed, the formal ideal of education has had considerable acceptance and both by student exchange and local instruction, the percentage of the world's population in school is rapidly growing at all levels of the scholastic ladder. The outcome, however, is not altogether what may be desired. Schooling tends to be formal, verbal and academic with the emphasis unduly on professional training. Its goal is likely to be considered the acquisition of techniques rather than of the spirit which produced the techniques. Students learn carefully the precepts of their instructors without modifying their knowledge to meet changing local conditions. Verbal instruction is accepted, but libraries and laboratories are regarded as luxuries and research in the physical, biological or social sciences simply fails to develop. The Philippines might be cited as a prime example of this difficulty, with the second highest proportion of college students in the world, the greatest number of lawyers of any country in the Pacific area and the lowest rice production in the Orient. The situation is much the same, however, in other countries in which education has been allowed to reflect cultural stereotypes rather than national needs.

The moral to all this is that the concept of cultural relativism includes the idea that the total culture should be consonant with the type of economic structure the society seeks to develop. This does not mean that American institutions must be exact blueprints for the rest of the world, but it does imply that if an agricultural nation is to be industrialized, the entire culture will be forced to change in a direction in harmony with the new economic ethos. It demands the development of both social and personal attitudes able to cope with the opportunities and problems of mass production. This, in turn, implies that government, education, religion and family structure will encourage a social milieu favorable to industrial development. Such a milieu should promote the accumulation of capital, the development of a labor force able to work with both skill and diligence and the stimulation of a group of entrepeneurs who will become aggressive promoters of business enterprise.

In this setting, the social scientist will have an important place, but his task will shift from the simple effort to understand local institutions to the analysis of ways and means by which they become adapted to the needs of the new industrialism. His job will be to disabuse the naïvete which assumes that one element of society may be subjected to major change while leaving everything else practically static. In brief, he will seek to prepare both countries which give aid and those on the receiving end for the social implications of that new economic order which they seek to attain. The social scientist may be able to indicate methods by which the violence of change can be reduced, but it is too much to expect easy acceptance by all concerned.

This type of cultural analysis is much less pleasant than that which simply describes a society in terms of its own values and is thus able to demonstrate that industrially undeveloped countries have often worked out a beautiful adaptation to the environment of a subsistence-handicraft type of economy. A more critical approach will probably produce irritation, defensiveness and cries of cultural imperialism. It may even reawaken some of the nineteenth-century bigotry associated with the white man's burden complex. Such effects are not pleasant to contemplate, but they are not inevitable and, at their worst, are less painful than the outcome of easy acceptance of all elements of the indigenous society. Intelligent adaptation of the total society to a new economy is a difficult task, but it promises better results than casually attempting to impose modern industrialism on cultures which are basically feudal in character.

One of the early exponents of respect for cultural differences was the late William Graham Sumner who declared that the mores (accepted moral standards) of a society could vary in a fashion that would make any kind of conduct either right or wrong, including murder, slavery and polygamy. This did not mean that he viewed life as a cultural chaos, for he also observed that there was a strain toward consistency within the mores. The good Dr. Sumner was so convinced of this latter idea that he felt that deliberate attempts to modify the patterns of a society would fail because of an inability to incorporate such reforms in the total framework. His complete pessimism was probably overdone, but his analysis of the essential unity of culture might well be kept in mind by our current exporters of industrial technology.

Reconversion

By Hollis Summers

The water did not understand
A strong fence which marked my land;
Back-wash rose insistently
Toward my neighbor and toward me
Until I could not see the line
Of what was his and what was mine.

Because the fence did not provide
Different waters for each side,
I spoke of evil and of good
And quoted texts on brotherhood
Until the water left. Then
I began my fence again.

Besides poetry, Hollis Summers has published short fiction and two novels, *City Limit* (1949) and *Brighten the Corner* (1952). Two years ago he visited writing classes in many colleges and universities on a Ford fellowship. He is at present teaching writing classes at the University of Kentucky.

The Wanganga Speaks

ROBIN HART MICHAELS

The wise man of the tribe spoke to us, saying thus: "Once, many moons ago I knew a woman to whom the most remarkable thing happened. The woman had become pregnant and it is concerning her pregnancy that I will speak.

"This was a woman who gestated for sixty years . . . she could not give birth before the time that her son had a long, long beard. The baby ran around playing his little boy games inside his mother. Like all little boys he ate and he grew. They circumscised him while he was still inside his mother, and his puberty rites were held while he was in his mother's womb. All this time his mother could not give birth to him.

"Then one day, the baby who was now over sixty years old spoke to his mother: 'Tomorrow I shall sever the heads of every old woman in our village.'

"The next morning labor started for the mother . . . he brought a double-edged sabre into the world with him, and with it he severed the heads of every old woman in his village."

This is one of a number of tales adapted by ROBIN HART MICHAELS from African folklore as related to him by friends and acquaintances from Liberia, Morocco and Southern Rhodesia. Mr. Michaels is an artist's representative who is also a free lance writer. He says that most of these tales are to be read for pure entertainment; the present one bears traces of a condition known to some parts of the Western world as "Momism." The story comes from the Mande tribe of the Western Sudan; Wanganga is a Mande term for priest or wise man.

A STORY

The Wreckers

By SEYMOUR EPSTEIN

On fine mornings, Mr. Kaplan got off the Fifth Avenue bus several blocks before his stop and walked the rest of the way. He did this in order to stroll past shop windows and appraise merchandise which was as familiar to him as his own. His approval or disapproval of the latest display registered plainly on his face. Some few of the older merchants or employees had come to recognize him, and although they knew no more about him than his habit of looking critically into their windows at a specific hour, it eased the terror of their years to know that one such as themselves still continued active.

This particular morning, Mr. Kaplan's review of the shop windows was, at best, perfunctory. His real interest was up ahead, opposite his own building, where a wrecking crew was in the last stages of demolition. All that remained now was a wooden scaffolding around what had once been a fixture of the landscape. The huge gap gouged out of the avenue's solidity affected him in the manner of a recently pulled tooth. There was something unnatural and heartless about it, and a point of his consciousness reached for it as the tip of his tongue might have for the missing tooth. The empty space was hard to believe.

Arriving at his own building, Mr. Kaplan paused for a moment before entering and stood gazing at the activity across the street. A crew of men on the scaffolding were engaged in heaving crusted palings of old lumber onto a truck. The hollow, rattling noise sounded out of place in the concrete density of Fifth. Over to one side the ponderous rear of a crane was just backing out on the sidewalk, its tall, delicate-looking tower swaying and bouncing, and Mr. Kaplan experienced a little shiver of revulsion at the strength and ingenuity

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This is Seymour Epstein's first published short story—his first publication of any kind except for some articles published in the G.I. newspaper *Stars and Stripes*. Four years in the Air Force attempting to forecast weather for pilots, he says, have impressed on him "the steady nature of machines as compared to the changeability of man and the elements."

of the thing. He had seen it pick apart a building with such fine deftness that the human being inside the cab didn't sufficiently account for its cunning. Mr. Kaplan half-feared that it possessed a prehistoric intelligence of its own. Shaking his head, he entered his building and said good-morning to the unresponsive elevator man.

Alighting at the twelfth floor, Mr. Kaplan's gaze travelled down the hallway to the transom of his door. It was open, of course. In the past five years the transom had been open at an hour and with a regularity that was a remarkable tribute to Miss Jaffe. That she was the best girl he ever had, he stated tirelessly to friends and relatives, but never to Miss Jaffe. There were many times when he was tempted to do so, but instinct warned him that such a compliment would sit uneasily on so maritally doomed a person.

Miss Jaffe looked up and nodded to Mr. Kaplan as he entered. She was a thin, flat-chested, red-haired woman against whom nature had worked a vicious spite. The touch of redemption one looks for in the blighted was shockingly missing in Miss Jaffe. If her skin was bad, her teeth were more so, and teeth, skin, hair, figure, all, contributed toward a hopeless unity. It was not surprising, then, that she plunged into her work like an avenging blade, and that her manner was formal to the point of surliness.

"Mr. Gavin called," she announced to Mr. Kaplan. "He said he would be here sometime between two-thirty and three."

"Aha," said Mr. Kaplan, nodding his head. He pursed his lips and continued to nod meditatively. "Aha," he said again.

He walked past Miss Jaffe's desk into the room where the merchandise was displayed. The office was divided into three sections. There was the small room where Miss Jaffe greeted customers and turned out faultless correspondence; then a fair-sized sample-room; and then, toward the front of the building, facing the avenue, the office where Mr. Kaplan had conducted his business affairs for thirty-three years.

Each of these rooms partook of the order and cleanliness which was Mr. Kaplan's business credo. Not that he was an inordinately fussy man, far from it, but an old boss of his, a man of considerable rectitude and cruelty, had once given him a cutting lecture on these virtues before firing him. The event made its impression, and many years later, when he went into business for himself, Mr. Kaplan made the practice a strict rule of his own. He was never quite sure in just what way the maintenance of order and cleanliness would insure success, but he clung to it as to a talisman which had proved its worth.

Taking his customary look at the gleaming display of toasters, irons, table radios, cocktail sets, and other items coming under the general heading of gifts and appliances, Mr. Kaplan proceeded into his own office and removed his topcoat. He sat down at his desk, looked at the pictures of his wife, his daughter, his grandchildren, pulled at the lobe of his ear, and began to hum a tune under his breath. In the street, a pneumatic drill barked once experimentally and then went to work in earnest. Mr. Kaplan leaned back to catch a look at Miss Jaffe, and seeing that she was busy at her typewriter he got up and went to the window.

Twelve stories below, men in brown helmets moved within the rutted square of rocks and earth. Their presence was part of the ceremony that had gone on for nine months. Since that first wrecker had appeared on the roof of the building opposite and had begun to pry at the cornice with his crowbar, Mr. Kaplan had followed the demolition stone by stone, beam by beam. The fascination was all the more irresistible for the element of horror provided by his own fancy. Solid, ugly, enduring, the building seemed to catch its breath at the purpose of these man-bugs. It seemed to draw in upon itself, set its teeth, and decide to do battle for every brick which was its flesh, every girder which was its bones. From the outset, Mr. Kaplan was on the side of the building, and when the thick walls resisted the efforts of the men with crowbars, he suffered vicariously the injustice and impact of the murderous steel ball swung from the end of the crane. To the building he credited all dignity. To the wreckers nothing but a mean ferocity.

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Two short rings of the phone on his desk made Mr. Kaplan turn and look toward Miss Jaffe. She made a motion with her head and raised her eyebrows, a gesture which had come to signify his wife. Mr. Kaplan cleared his throat and picked up the phone.

"Yes?" he said.

"Ben?" said Mrs. Kaplan.

"Yes."

There was an astringent pause after this identification. Mr. Kaplan could literally see his wife twist agitatedly on the chair next to the phone. Her voice was flat and ominous.

"What do you want from my life?" she asked.

Mr. Kaplan closed his eyes and squeezed the bridge of his nose between thumb and forefinger. Suddenly he looked his sixty-five years. The flesh of his face was loose and deeply lined. A puffy blue vein throbbed beneath the white hair line.

"What's the matter?"

"Why didn't you take breakfast?"

"I wasn't hungry."

"Since when aren't you hungry in the morning?"

Mr. Kaplan leaned back in his swivel chair and looked at the ceiling. He had been expecting this—these precise words in this precise manner.

"Everything happens once," he said. "This morning I didn't feel hungry, so I didn't take breakfast."

Mr. Kaplan now saw his wife nod with life-time grievance and insight. The words she spoke were perfect accompaniment to the gesture.

"You wanted to make me feel bad?" she said. "Believe me, you didn't. If you want to starve, starve. I'd like to know what kind of man you are anyway. A baby wouldn't carry on . . ."

"Anna," said Mr. Kaplan.

"For weeks . . . !"

"Anna."

"What?"

"Do you want to have dinner downtown tonight? We'll go to a restaurant."

Anna Kaplan could never cope with the unexpected.

"Are you crazy?"

"What's crazy about that? We'll celebrate. If you like, we'll go to a movie after."

Mrs. Kaplan recognized nonsense when she heard it. Her voice came down like an axe. "I'm going over to Mildred's house. Mildred and Sid are going out tonight, and we're going to take care of the children. Come straight over here after work. I'm preparing dinner here."

Mr. Kaplan then did a curious thing. With his free hand, he lifted the desk blotter, as if remembering an important note he had slipped under there. There was nothing, but the momentum of urgency continued, and Mr. Kaplan's eyes reflected a critical state of alarm. Rarely in his life did rebellion against outrage reach such proportions, and each time it did he always ducked under some distraction to give himself time.

"Mildred?" he said, still holding the blotter ridiculously aloft. "All right. After work." Quickly he hung up.

Now Mr. Kaplan let fall the thing he had seized in his anger. He shook his head slowly. He had waited for a sign . . . but not this. Certainly not this! That his daughter and her husband should choose this night to go out, and that his wife should see no corruption of the heart in this action, made him a man bereft of family.

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Swiveling around toward the window, Mr. Kaplan experienced that lurch of vacancy which viewing the empty space across the way gave him. He was not used to it. To have an accustomed sight before one's eyes for over thirty years and then have it suddenly removed was more like a trick than a serious undertaking. The senses demanded some restitution.

Particularly he missed the gray, stone coping of the roof, that catwalk of aimless piegeons, that receiver of spring rains, winter snows, summer heat. But more than a backdrop of the seasons, the coping had become an inextricable part of the years he had spent in this place of business.

Mr. Kaplan's memory roved over those years, and the picture was one of almost unrelieved anxiety. The truth of the matter—a truth he had faced many times before without effect—was that he was not a businessman, was never meant to be a businessman. Others he had known had become wealthy men, using no more lever to success than he had always held in his hands. His wife and daughter recognized this and had treated him at best with indulgence, at worst with scorn.

Still, for a man who had no talent for the thing life had thrust upon him, he had not done too badly. He had married off a daughter in acceptable style, and had given his wife each of those things which her suffering pride could not do without. He had done this like a stranger to his own involvement, making business deals with businessmen, buying, selling, creating solid contacts, gaining a reputation for reliability, and throughout knowing that the whole thing was not real.

It was with this secret of unreality that he had lived most closely, confiding in no one but Mr. Nicoletti, and even with him he had never been explicit. Nicoletti, the thin, dried-up tailor two floors below, was a man of much head-nodding and little speech, and whatever he might have guessed about Mr. Kaplan's life he kept behind his metal-framed eyeglasses, letting it peek over the rim occasionally in a blue-eyed, sorrowful stare.

They had become friends that first time, many years ago, when Mr. Nicoletti came up to Mr. Kaplan's place of business wishing to buy a toaster for his wife.

"I'm Nicoletti, the tailor, two floors down," he announced, standing stoop-shouldered and myopic, several needles and pins threaded through his ratty-looking vest. "Can you sell me a toaster?"

Mr. Kaplan sold him a toaster, a reasonably good toaster but not the best. When it was all wrapped, the man smiled and said, "For my wife. Her birthday." Mr. Kaplan was wrenched with pity and guilt.

"Birthday?" he said. "You should say so. For birthdays we got something a little special." He exchanged the one he had given Mr. Nicoletti for a better model.

Thereafter, when his suits needed altering, he brought them to Mr. Nicoletti. It was something of a mystery how the man made a living, getting so few orders, but for those few he did get he charged a good price—more than Mr. Kaplan could afford. His shop was a clutter of sample swatch books and tailor's paraphernalia; an airless, dusty place, but one which contained something Mr. Kaplan had never found in the chrome showrooms where he went to buy his merchandise. It contained satisfaction, and the work of hands.

Their talk never ventured beyond politics or family matters, and even here they told only what was pleasant and harmless to tell. Sitting on a stool next to the scarred work-bench, Mr. Kaplan would sip the tea that Mr. Nicoletti had prepared on his electric burner and watch the bony hands of the tailor as they laid a pattern, as they chalked, as they handled the shears, as they sewed lining into a coat, as they fashioned a garment out of a few yards of cloth.

Wonderful, thought Mr. Kaplan. He saw beauty and purpose in Mr. Nicoletti's shop. This, to him, was real. And because he admired and envied the man's craft for its own sake, the skinny tailor one day presented him with a suit. A bravura gesture, like an artist, done without a fitting, for his own pride and Mr. Kaplan's appreciation. Mr. Kaplan offered to pay for it, but Nicoletti waved him away impatiently. He had the suit still. The best he owned.

And what had he to offer after thirty years of business? A roomful of assembly-line samples. The latest models. That—and fear. One unvarying model. "Who will buy from Ben Kaplan tomorrow? next month? next year?" Not even to Nicoletti, but to the stone coping which was no longer there had he confided that recurrent fear. Sitting in this chair, staring out across the way, he had, from time to time, examined the threads which held his business together, and always he found them dangerously weak. If this or that one dies, or if I in some unknown way offend him, it will be my ruin. The large orders, the ones he depended on, came from companies which made gifts or premiums part of their operation. From habit or trust they bought from him, but he never had faith in it. A lower price, and he was out. An imagined slight, and he was out. Periodically he would thumb through these anxieties, and the stone coping across the way would look on, mutely implicated.

It was implicated, too, that one Christmas when a couple of drinks and a profitable season had melted the shell of his pessimism. That year was the high point of his career, the time when he almost believed he would be a success. He had four people working for him then—two girls in the office, an extra salesman on the floor, a delivery boy—and he had given them bonuses and a party. It was a very nice party, no one had gotten drunk, at least not objectionably drunk, and after they had all gone he had come into the office to sit for a moment before putting on his overcoat and galoshes.

Satisfaction did not come easily to him, having lived so long on the brink of insolvency. If he felt it at that moment, it was not without some superstitious fear. Like all people who cannot imagine themselves recipients of a generous fate, Mr. Kaplan felt almost burdened with his luck. He sought for someone with whom to share it. He thought of Anna, but Anna was no person for sentiment, and besides she was too firmly convinced of his eventual futility. Nicoletti he did not as yet know. The city below him was wrapped in its own vast mood of gaiety. There was no one, really, and so he sat and watched the snow drift and sweep around the coping. It shared with him an ease and elation he never enjoyed again.

* * *

"Do you want to sign these now?"

Miss Jaffe stood at the door with letters in her hand.

Mr. Kaplan turned in his chair. "Yah," he said, and watched her as she crossed the room to put the letters on his desk. He studied her profile, trying to read something from her overlong nose, her thin lips. Impossible. Miss Jaffe's thoughts were stern secrets. It occurred to Mr. Kaplan that he must do something for her. But what? What he could do she already expected and despised.

"I hope you made the usual corrections," he said.

She nodded.

"What do you think?" he asked, coaxingly. "Disgraceful, eh? A man so many years in business can't write a decent letter?"

Miss Jaffe permitted herself the ghost of a smile. She looked down at the corner of the desk and moved her hand across it as if to remove some dust.

"You mentioned something yesterday about getting up an inventory," she said.

Mr. Kaplan sighed and pulled at the lobe of his ear. "Yes," he said.

"How many copies?"

"Two. Two should be enough. Don't you think so?"

Miss Jaffe nodded. At that moment, the telephone rang. Mr. Kaplan answered it. He said: "Yes . . . Oh, Mildred . . ." He looked at Miss Jaffe and saw the name pull at the corner of her mouth, leave a smudge of distaste in the hard opaqueness of her eyes. She walked back to the office.

"Yes, Mildred?" said Mr. Kaplan.

"Are you coming over tonight?" his daughter asked.

"Why not? You invited me. How are the children?"

Her tone brushed the inquiry aside. "Fine," she said. "Mom just called me . . ."

"Yes?"

"She told me that you didn't take your breakfast. What's that supposed to be—spitework? Look, Pa, I've got two children and a husband to take care of. I've got my hands full as it is. I'm not going to put up with nonsense on top of everything else. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean to be disrespectful, but under the circumstances I think you can understand that I simply must have the maximum of cooperation. I mean, after all, it *is* something of a burden on Sid and myself. What happened, I mean. Not that anyone is blaming you. Don't misunderstand me . . ."

"I don't misunderstand you, Mildred," Mr. Kaplan interrupted.

"Then, *please*, Pa, let's try to make life easier for everyone. . . . Now, listen, Sid and I have to go out tonight. Mom is preparing dinner for you here. You're perfectly welcome to spend the night. There's plenty of room."

"Thank you," said Mr. Kaplan. "Let Mama decide. How are the children?"

"Fine."

"Give them a kiss from their grandpa."

"OK, Pa. I'll say good-bye now."

"Good-bye."

Mr. Kaplan put the phone on the cradle. He got up and went to the window, looking down at the brown-helmeted man who sent up a little spray of gray rock-dust with his pneumatic drill. He felt bruised, pelted by words. "*Maximum cooperation* . . ." That sounded fine, full of tenderness, like a business contract. That she learned from her husband who was a first-rate businessman, one who knew how to get the maximum out of everything. Mr. Kaplan allowed himself a quick glimpse of the future, and then he shut his eyes. Other words came to him.

"*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*"

He turned and walked into Miss Jaffe's office.

"I'm going down for a minute to Mr. Nicoletti," he said.

* * *

Mr. Gavin arrived precisely at three. He came in followed by two boys who carried folded up corrugated cartons, newspapers, and cord.

"Well, Ben," greeted Mr. Gavin, shaking his hand.

"Everything is ready," said Mr. Kaplan.

Mr. Gavin looked around the sample room with a practiced eye. He was a stout, tired-looking man with a brown wart on his upper lip. From his appearance one would never guess that he was a rich man, but it was well known that his discount house in the downtown area spouted gold. He reached into his vest and brought out a cigar, slipping off the cellophane jacket. He bit off the end, prepared to spit it on the floor, but then remembered himself and picked the tip from his tongue with his fingers, depositing it in an ashtray.

"All right, pack it up," he said to the boys. "Wrap each piece in paper first, and stuff plenty in between. I don't want any scratches." Then he turned to Mr. Kaplan. "Did you take an inventory?" he asked.

Miss Jaffe handed the sheet to him. His eye ran down the list swiftly. He handed it to Mr. Kaplan.

"Did you check it?" he asked.

"I made it up," said Mr. Kaplan.

Mr. Gavin took the sheet, folded it, and put it in his pocket. He looked at Mr. Kaplan and nodded his head, his heavy face ironic and compassionate.

"There's not another man in the city I would buy such a lot from and not check over each piece," he said. "You've got a good reputation, my friend."

"How much will you give me for it?" Mr. Kaplan asked.

Mr. Gavin snorted. "Five cents," he said. "You're right. What's it worth. Tell me, what are you going to do?"

"Retire."

"Got any money?"

"At least a million."

"Children?"

Mr. Kaplan couldn't keep his gaze off Gavin's boys as they wrapped the pieces in newspaper and packed them into cartons.

"Children?" he said. "I have a daughter. My son-in-law is a wholesaler in electrical supplies. I'm going to help him for a while."

Mr. Gavin's eyes showed comprehension. They dwelt on the other man's fate for a moment, and then withdrew, turning to supervise the packing.

The whole lot took about an hour to pack. There were four medium-sized cartons in all. When it was finished, Mr. Gavin took out his checkbook and wrote out a check for the agreed price.

"On the barrelhead," he said, waving it a few times and passing it to Mr. Kaplan. "Take a look and make sure it's right."

Mr. Kaplan looked at the check and put it in his pocket.

"Well," said Mr. Gavin, extending his hand again, "I wish you good luck, Ben. If you want my advice, you'll take yourself a nice vacation in Florida. Couple of months. You deserve it."

"Thanks," said Mr. Kaplan. "I'll think about it."

The two boys and Mr. Gavin lugged the cartons out of the showroom and down the hall toward the freight elevators.

Miss Jaffe stared at the door with hatred. "The crook!" she said in a bitter voice. "The dirty crook! 'A nice vacation in Florida.' He should talk after practically stealing the whole showroom!"

"He gave me the best price," said Mr. Kaplan.

"He's a crook in his heart!"

They both stood in the center of the showroom and looked at the empty, blue-lined shelves. There was a hollow resonance in the room. In an hour, a business had become an empty office.

"Well," said Mr. Kaplan, "when do you start to work for Morris and Sons?"

Miss Jaffe began walking back to her desk. "There's no hurry," she said. "Two, three weeks. They said I could come whenever I'm ready."

Mr. Kaplan was fishing in his pocket for the check he had made out. "I want you to take this," he said, holding it out between two fingers.

Miss Jaffe looked with hostility at the check, at Mr. Kaplan.

"What's that for? You gave me two weeks pay."

"Be a good girl and don't argue," Mr. Kaplan pleaded, suddenly overcome with weariness. "If you didn't deserve it, I wouldn't give it to you."

Miss Jaffe took the check and put it on her desk. Then she stood before Mr. Kaplan, looking down at her own thin, unfeminine body. She gave her perfectly straight skirt a twist of adjustment.

"I'll be a secretary my whole life," she said, as if she were pronouncing sentence on someone she despised. "I'll die a secretary. I wish I could have died here."

She looked up then, and allowed Mr. Kaplan to see her face made even uglier by tears.

* * *

After Miss Jaffe left, Mr. Kaplan went into his own office. Only a few things remained. He had to clear his desk. He had to remember to leave the key with the people on the fourth floor, the ones who had bought his office equipment. That was all. He looked at his watch. It was four-thirty. Time enough for a little stroll on Fifth Avenue before taking the subway to his daughter's home in Queens.

Mr. Kaplan stood before the window and stared down. The certainty that he would never look out this window again caused him a sudden flurry of panic. He felt like a man who has forgotten the important symbol of a solemn event—a ring, a medal, some token of commemoration. Worriedly he touched his memory, as if there were pockets there to be felt, a corner where the thing might be hiding. But there was nothing, and because this knowledge troubled him deeply he put it out of his mind—as one puts out of his mind the recollection of a troubling dream.

Edward Bellamy: Utopia, American Plan

By GEORGE J. BECKER

To us today Edward Bellamy (1850-1898) is the author of one novel and a tract. All his other work has lost interest for us, but *Looking Backward* (1888), supported by the elaborated arguments contained in *Equality* a decade later, remains to please, to challenge, or to dismay. Though that book has meant many things to different readers, its enduring significance is based on its presentation of two related concepts and a corollary drawn from them. The first idea is that of the economy of abundance; the second is that of economic democracy, while the corollary states that basic human nature is good but can be caused to deteriorate or improve by changes in the material environment. None of these ideas is original with Bellamy, but he was wonderfully timely and persuasive in his presentation of them. For, unlike his critical contemporaries, such as William Dean Howells, he sought the humane values of an older America not in a return to simplicity but in the regnant materialism itself, and he believed that by harnessing the forces of the new society the full promise of the American experiment might be achieved.

The fundamental fact about the world of the year 2000 into which Julian West, the hero of *Looking Backward*, emerges after his long mesmeric sleep is that everybody has not merely enough to keep body and soul together but a sense of margin and luxury, in short, freedom, not from economic responsibility but from the fears engendered by economic scarcity. Such a freedom struck some readers as impossible or immoral, but it remains the fundamental fact which Bellamy pre-

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sented to his country and the world, a fact squarely in opposition to classical economic theory and current practice, one to which we have only partially accommodated our institutions after sixty years of gradual verification, but one to which our deepest and most spontaneous hopes are tied.

The first way to get more goods, the author discerned, is for more people to be employed in production. At a stroke he doubles the potential producing force by abolishing domestic labor and taking women out into the world. Next he rationalizes the system, reducing duplication and waste in production, and finally he virtually eliminates distributive and promotional activities. He is so confident of the ability of this system to produce in abundance that he is then willing to reduce its productivity in the interest of human well-being. He eliminates the labor of the young: duty to society does not begin until the age of twenty-one. He reduces the working life, making forty-five the normal terminus of a man's working years. He reduces the work-day, the work-week, and the work-year in something of the fashion and degree in which reduction has actually taken place since his day. Thus he postulates a national community in which by far the larger part of its members are engaged in productive work only from twenty-one to forty-five at hours and under conditions which in their humanity are completely at variance with those existing in his own time.

It is doubtful that Bellamy knew very much about industrial organization; his remarks about it are notably general, just as his whole approach is theoretical and unbendingly logical. Yet it is to be observed that he is remarkably prescient as to the course of industrial efficiency. Witness such a book as Stuart Chase's *The Tragedy of Waste*, based largely on experiences of industrial practice and malpractice of the 1920's, which is nonetheless pure Bellamy in its essential ideas of industrial rationalization. Bellamy's most dramatic instances of the elimination of waste are in the areas of retail distribution and domestic economy. Today we go him one better by eliminating even the clerk who writes down the order and we make the customer carry his purchase home, though we have not standardized products or eliminated competing retail outlets to anything like the extent he had in mind. Similarly the household has lost much of its production function, though the communal kitchen seems unlikely of realization, and it is an interesting speculation as to how Bellamy would react to a Bendix. As yet we do not apply electricity to all farm operations by means of cables leading to every field, but certainly farm operations have become notably assimilated to the general industrial pattern.

The result of all this rationalized and streamlined organization as Bellamy envisaged it is a national product permitting the allocation of a credit of about $4,000 a year to each adult. When one takes into account various free services and utilities, this $4000 represents perhaps as much as $6000 in purchasing power of the author's own day and considerably nearer $15,000 in terms of our own. Admittedly such figures are of no importance, since Bellamy had no way of accurately assessing what the total national product was or could be. They represent merely his conviction that under proper organization the total would be such that the share of every adult would be large enough to put him beyond want and to give him a condition of life approaching luxury.

At first blush this is the most materialistic of dreams, since the immediate emphasis is on physical abundance and the appeal inevitably is to the desire of most people for the many things they cannot have under actual conditions. The author leads the average reader to the mountaintop and shows him all the good things of the earth, or nearly all, offering them in exchange for allegiance to a new ethic. What is often overlooked, however, is that Bellamy assumes a withering away of the desire for possessions under conditions of economic security. Generous as the annual credit is, the citizen will be unable to purchase things which he does not use without being forced to forego other and more satisfactory expenditures.

In other words, both the pack-rat mentality and the psychology of conspicuous consumption are eliminated under these new conditions. The instant goods no longer represent a store of value, an investment against a rainy day, a hedge against inflation, they lose all value except what they have for use, and it is Bellamy's contention that the individual will need surprisingly few things for use, especially since he will have access to expensive and only occasionally used equipment through rental or some plan of group ownership. From another point of view, to the extent that the pack-rat mentality is an adjunct of conspicuous consumption, it will disappear along with the latter. Collections of diamonds or of postage stamps are made from motives both of investment and of snobbery, but the value of the investment depends upon the continuance of snobbery, and Bellamy's world is a living indictment of the latter, his cardinal point being that there is no longer any need for conspicuous consumption, since there is no one to ape or to impress. Each individual has the same claim on the national product as any other. Thus if he spends all on dress, he has given proof of no special superiority or affluence but merely of an inordinate interest in dress, legitimate if he derives sufficient satisfaction from it, but of no significance otherwise.

Here indeed is contained one of Bellamy's chief indictments of his own society. He charges it with a crude and meaningless materialism. Houses are crammed with a multitude of furnishings which are tasteless and unhealthful. Personal comfort and appearance are sacrificed to the rule of fashion in dress. Human lives are sacrificed and degraded so that a few may have greater accumulations of jewels on their fingers or more gilt on their chairs. The cure, however, is not an austere regimen in the manner of Thomas More, with gold relegated to the manufacture of chamber pots, but more materialism, a generally diffused access to wealth in the real sense, with a consequent recognition of the true valuation of things.

Assuming, then, that the people in Bellamy's world have all reached the level of well-being of Floral Heights or the Little Main Line, the important thing is that they have so wide a margin that they can give up a considerable part of their share of the material product of their society for the sake of self-development. Here again the author's approach is logical and amazingly simple. If, for example, a group of citizens desire to support a magazine catering to their views and interests, they may do so if they abstain from a claim on the national product corresponding to what is lost by withdrawing the magazine's staff from production. The same principle applies to the practice of the arts. There is no provision for subsidized residence in Paris or Greenwich Village. The young writer must produce his first work on his own time. Thereafter he may withdraw from the labor force so long as the public supports him by purchase of his books. Clergymen, artists, writers and lecturers on public affairs and various kinds of entertainers are all maintained in this fashion by groups of supporters who value their services sufficiently to be willing to pay the nation for their withdrawal from production. Educators, physicians, research scientists and other essential nonproducers of tangible goods are maintained directly by the nation, the annual credit of the entire community being reduced proportionately.

So much for the external appearance of the Bellamy economy. It recognizes what the Industrial Revolution has made possible, accepts it gladly as a desirable condition for all, but provides its own brake on overwhelming materialism by showing that there is a level of material well-being beyond which the interest of men will, under normal conditions, shift to nonmaterial activities. It insists that such a condition of self-cultivation can come only *after* material security has been assured and asserts tacitly that the unhealthful materialism of the late nineteenth century is merely a product of scarcity and would disappear if scarcity were replaced by universal abundance.

Fundamental to a world so organized is the doctrine of equality, the second of Bellamy's major ideas. Whatever its Marxian parallels, this belief springs from a religious, almost mystical, conviction about the brotherhood of man. But unlike others who drank at the Transcendental spring, Bellamy does not place his emphasis on spiritual regeneration of the individual as the first step. Instead he believes in a remolding of the physical conditions of life as a necessary preliminary to the spiritualization of the individual. It is here that faith supersedes reason, with the declaration that by one fundamental change the social corpus can be made whole and sane again. It is here that the author attacks with a vigor astonishing from a man of his gentle nature the abuses which he sees about him and which he believes inescapable because of the existent economic inequality.

This attack is embodied in the most telling rhetorical passages in the two works under discussion, the famous parables or similes. *Looking Backward* early sets before us a comparison of nineteenth-century society to "a prodigious coach which the masses of humanity were harnessed to and dragged toilsomely along a very hilly and sandy road" while a few privileged beings rode idly on top. Equally pointed is the parable of the water tank, which is part of the schoolroom discussion of the suicide of the old order in *Equality*, which contrasts the unwholesome effects of the old economic system with the brotherhood and consequent well-being of the new.

The latter parable contains the kernel of what has come to be called "the religion of solidarity," which is at the heart of Bellamy's social criticism and social vision. Although it is true that before *Looking Backward* there is no evidence of explicit and detailed social speculation on his part, this more general aspiration was part of the current of his thought from the very beginning. There is an interesting manuscript printed by A. E. Morgan under the title of "The Religion of Solidarity," which a marginal comment declares to have been written in 1874, and to set forth "what has been ever since my philosophy of life." Sentences in it indicate the tenor of Bellamy's thought at that early age and underline the mystical basis of his later writings. It is easy to see how he reaches a doctrine of economic equality from a general statement such as the following: "There is a conscious solidarity of the universe toward the intuition of which we must struggle, that it may become to us, not a logical abstraction, but a felt and living fact. As individuals we shall never be complete. The completest man lacks the completion of the rest of the universe."

From this fundamental belief both Bellamy's criticism of contemporary society and his concrete program for its regeneration can be seen to flow. An immediate evidence of inequality which he attacks is that between the favored few with seats on the coach and the many who must draw it along the highway—that is, the inequality by which some are allowed to escape their responsibility toward the community and do no productive work, in fact, no work of any kind whatever. Julian West, the phoenix from the ashes of the nineteenth century, has been a man of wealth and leisure. He brings into the twenty-first century a sheaf of securities worth a million dollars which had been his passport to idleness in the nineteenth, only to find such a passport invalid under the new dispensation. Once he is convinced that there is no such thing in civilized society as *self-support*, he eagerly goes to work, seeking a stake in society in the true sense of doing his part in the gigantic community effort.

While we must admit that Julian's conversion is much too easy, the significant point is that the concept of the social stake has changed from one of privileged ownership setting the owner apart from the nonowner, to one of right flowing from the essential worth and dignity of the individual. The older arrangement is seen to be "a divisive and anti-social influence," while the virtue of the new interpretation is that it "makes it impossible to hurt another's interest without hurting one's own, or to help one's own interest without promoting equally all other interest." There can be no inequalities of artificial condition which open certain vocations to some and not to others. While there is an inescapable biological inequality among human beings, it is not compounded by artificial superadditions. True competition is for the first time possible, and all who are able to succeed in any area are allowed to do so.

Equally emphatic is Bellamy's insistence that ownership of wealth must not give superior political advantage to those so endowed. He is at one with the Muckrakers in harping on the fact that wealth confers privilege and begets corruption. The opening chapter of *Equality* is a textbook demonstration of the impossibility of political equality without economic equality. Julian makes such a poor defense of the former system that his interlocutor at last declares that the capitalists appear to be worse than kings, since the latter at least professed to govern for the welfare of their people. As the argument is developed, we are shown that economic equality is the necessary, obvious, and only basis for the three birthrights promised by the Declaration of Independence. For, asks the author,

> What is life without its material basis, and what is an equal right to life but a right to an equal material basis for it? What is liberty? How can men be free who ask the right to labor and life from their fellow-men and seek their bread from the hands of others? . . . Finally, what is implied in the equal right of all to the pursuit of happiness? What form of happiness, so far as it depends on material facts, is not bound up with economic conditions; and how shall an equal opportunity for the pursuit of happiness be guaranteed to all save by a guarantee of economic equality?

The important lesson to be drawn from history, Bellamy says, is that the American Revolution was negative and incomplete. It and similar uprisings elsewhere sought to rid men of kings and to relieve them of subjection to arbitrary political power, but such an overthrow left no check upon the power of wealth, which became supreme, as it had been striving to become for centuries. Thus the nineteenth century is to be viewed as a period of struggle toward true democracy, the atmosphere becoming more turbulent as it became increasingly apparent that revolutions securing political democracy were only a first step. Bellamy, who is able to float comfortably upon the wave of pseudo-Darwinian optimism, asserts serenely that democracy was not an experiment which could be abandoned, but was rather an evolution which had to be fulfilled. That fulfillment is exemplified in his Utopia, in which there is at last "the use of the collective social machinery for the indefinite promotion of the welfare of the people at large."

Here we come face to face with the corollary of Bellamy's two major ideas. He is, so far as the chain of causality goes, an out-and-out materialist. Instead of seeking refuge in the concept of some elusive and unchanging entity called human nature, he asserts with wholehearted optimism that material conditions are effective forces and that human nature will vary with them. At a stroke he wipes out the distinction, the opposition, between the *ideal* and the *real* which vitiated the effectiveness of much of the social discussion of his day. Instead, he insists that materiality is the inescapable bedrock on which ideality must rest. His conception of the good condition for mankind is one builded upon that rock, and not an elusive will-o'-the-wisp never to be captured because it never comes to earth.

Early in *Looking Backward* this idea is first introduced when Julian West suggests that there must have been a great change in human nature, only to have Dr. Leete reply that it is the conditions of human life which have changed, and with them the motives of human action. This theme is constantly reiterated. Since it confers security, the new society need not appeal to greed for gain, but can call out the best efforts of its citizens by other types of reward and incentive. Crime, called *atavism*, has become almost nonexistent, now that the economic taproot of crime has been pulled up. Universal education is justified on the grounds that it eliminates the so-called differences in human nature and gives all men access to a better life, thus making the world better not only for them but for those who live with them. Bellamy is insistent that what he is advocating is merely an extension of a condition that has traditionally existed among members of the privileged castes, a *noblesse oblige* that now bears upon the whole human race.

What he is saying, in fact, is that what is usually bodied forth by critics, clerical and social, as *human nature*, is not human nature at all but a degredation of it. His strategy is to summon up the full force of the horrible conditions under which that human nature has had to exist and manifest itself in his own day, calling the society about him a moral Black Hole of Calcutta. The Reverend Mr. Barton characterizes the nineteenth-century man as one who had to "plunge into the foul fight—cheat, overreach, supplant, defraud, buy below worth and sell above, break down the business by which his neighbor fed his young ones, tempt men to buy what they ought not and to sell what they should not, grind his laborers, sweat his debtors, cozen his creditors." This lesson is brought home by the third of the parables, which likens humanity to a rosebush which has long been weakly struggling for life in a miasmatic bog. Once it is set in "sweet, warm, dry earth," the vermin and mildew disappear and the bush is covered with beautiful roses whose fragrance fills the world.

This idea is given dramatic statement at the end of *Looking Backward*, when Julian dreams that his experience of the world of the year 2000 has been itself only a dream and that he is back in the actuality of the earlier Boston. Not only is he dismayed by the physical squalor which he sees as he wanders the streets in agony; it is the sight of the people which breaks his heart: "Their bodies were so many living sepulchres. On each brutal brow was plainly written the *hic jacet* of a dead soul within." The positive side of this contrast is further emphasized in *Equality*, when the motto of the new civilization is said to be *Eritis sicut Deus:* thou shalt be like a god.

It is here that the most serious misreading of Bellamy's thought has occurred. Because of the ingenuity and the accuracy of his predictions about the course of material welfare in the future, he has been assailed for his materialism, for setting down a Utopia to which every department store clerk could subscribe. What he actually has in mind is the withering away of absorption in material concerns. His Utopia is not static, as often charged, though its machinery may be static, for it assumes an indefinite expansion and development of the human personality. He builds on the belief that not only is human nature good, given the proper environmental conditions, but that it is capable of endless improvement, and that such development is the proper business of mankind. What is wrong with society as constituted is that it does not permit this growth to the many, whom it has bound to the wheel of a relentless system. Even to the few who are the ostensible beneficiaries of the system, it has denied ultimate grace, since they are hopelessly enmeshed in the false values of their society. Both the imaginative structure of *Looking Backward* and the careful reasoning of *Equality* show the primary vision of Edward Bellamy to be that of a human nature capable of flowering beyond ordinary imagination, a human nature which, he lays it down emphatically, it is impossible to define, since it has never had a chance to manifest itself.

Nearly ten years after the publication of the first of these books and a few weeks before the author's death, a reviewer in *The Critic* declared that no other novel of modern times—not even *Trilby*—had been so successful, citing the nearly half million copies already sold in the United States alone. Another reviewer in *The Chapbook* during that year, giving further testimony as to the influence of the book, asserted that nine-tenths of the socialism preached outside the ranks of the labor unions was based on *Looking Backward*. These remarks are perhaps an understatement. Bellamy's ideas were immediately carried into the public forum and the political arena as a prescription for action. Seeing a world in which many of the wrongs of which they were painfully conscious were put right, his readers clamored that this vision be made fact. The movement of Nationalism which grew out of *Looking Backward* under the leadership of Thomas Wentworth Higginson was independent of the author, but he could not escape identification with it. As a matter of fact, he wrote frequently for *The Nationalist* (a monthly magazine first issued by the Nationalist Educational Association in May, 1889, under the editorship of Henry Wallace Austin) and did all that he could, while maintaining his independent position, to advance the movement, which in the economic doldrums of the 1890's became a kind of crusade, contributing no one knows how much to the general movement of Progressivism before the first World War.

One interesting memento of Bellamy's public embroilment is a hastily scrawled copy of a letter sent to John Lloyd Thomas of Chicopee Falls on July 29, 1889, which is among the papers deposited in the Houghton Library of Harvard University. From this we gather that Bellamy had been asked to modify certain passages of his book which were offensive to the Prohibitionists, with the promise that Thomas would then give the book a special recommendation and push it among his followers. Bellamy replies that he thinks it indefensible to modify a view once publicly stated without change of conviction and merely for advantage. He points out that he has already had correspondence on this subject with Frances Willard and that it is his conviction that "Nationalism will offer a more radical cure to the causes of intemperance than could be hoped from any mere legislation. As to whether the nation of the future will or will not interfere with the use of intoxicants by its members, we can safely afford to differ in opinion." Finally, he insists that the platforms of the Prohibition and other splinter parties are much too narrow, suggesting that from the addition of the principle of human brotherhood in industry "you will command a support you never dreamed of!"

As the Nationalist movement grew in numbers and enthusiasm, Bellamy was bound to attack immediate problems of social legislation and organization. The most notable instance of this sort is a little pamphlet entitled *How to Employ the Unemployed in Mutual Maintenance*, prepared on the lines of an article which appeared in the Boston *Traveller* for November 8, 1893, and issued by the Boston Public Library. What he advocated here was later embodied in *Equality* as a description of how the peaceful economic revolution came about. What is more interesting is the fact that this program bears a striking similarity to the EPIC plan of self-help cooperatives advocated by Upton Sinclair in California during the next major depression.

Crying out against charity for the unemployed, Bellamy in this pamphlet states that all they need in order to be fed, clothed, and sheltered is to be set to work to support one another. Their product is not to go into the general market in competition with goods produced under the wage system but is to be wholly consumed within the group of the unemployed and their families. For this *imperium in imperio* scrip is to be used, the individual receiving purchasing power only within the special system. As production increases so will the rate of maintenance, though only those who have worked above a specified minimum period will be allowed to share in excess production. The author recognizes that at the outset some discrimination in favor of legal residents of a state may have to be made, but he believes that once the system becomes self-sustaining no such discrimination will be necessary. He lays down the requirement that persons so employed must be considered free and equal citizens with no onus of charity or pauperdom placed upon them. He admits that, "This contemplates a permanent establishment, for it is nonsense to regard the problem of the unemployed as anything but a permanent problem." He looks forward to a union of farm, factory, store, and dwellings in each settlement, and from the start he proposes that the allowance of each worker be the same without regard for specific performance, women, of course, to share equally with men.

One little known instance of the impact of the Nationalist movement in the area of legislation is worth attention. In 1889 a bill was proposed to the House of Representatives of Massachusetts to allow cities and towns to manufacture and sell gas, a proposal, we are told, "advocated chiefly by representatives of an association known as 'Nationalists,' no one appearing for any municipality." The committee of manufactures of the House studied the proposal and published a report entitled *Municipal Control of Commercial Lighting, "Nationalism" Analyzed*, under the editorship of its chairman, Alfred Dupont Chandler. One section reports the testimony of Colonel Higginson that the line between Nationalism and Socialism was not clearly drawn. Says the report plaintively: "It seems that already its advocates are hardly agreed as to the meaning of nationalism. And when we bear in mind the schools of socialism, communism, Owenism, Fourierism, Chartism, liberalism, imperialism, anarchism, scientific anarchism, individual anarchism, nihilism, perfectionism, nationalism, and other isms, why should practical legislators be concerned with the reconciliations of all or any of them?"

In the general forum of ideas the impact of *Looking Backward* was very great. It was frequently discussed in the magazines for some years, and it provoked a large number of rejoinders in book form. Only one of these, William Morris's *News from Nowhere*, has won a permanent place in literature, but the multitude of others gives testimony to the stir which Bellamy's book made in the world. One of the most serious answers is contained in *Looking Forward*, published in 1890 by Richard Michaelis, editor of the Chicago *Freie Presse*. It is a narrative which accepts but debunks the Bellamy world. Specifically, there are charges of graft and favoritism, enslavement of the entire working population, and gross inefficiency, the annual product being only $204 per person as against the official figure of $4000. Lest these charges appear insufficient, the author tosses in a charge of widespread sexual immorality and ends the book with a scene of spectacular violence. Julian West, needless to say, is relieved to wake up in the Boston of 1887 after all. Completely flippant is *My Afterdream, a*

Sequel to the Late Mr. Edward Bellamy's 'Looking Backward', published in London in 1890 under the pseudonym of Julian West. Among many glaring imperfections is the fact that job opportunities are not at all what they are made out to be. Julian finds that his choice is between being an ordinary seaman on a smack in the Newfoundland cod fisheries or becoming an apprentice to the Sewer Board. Even more lamentable, we are tipped off to the fact that the beautiful Edith Leete is a laundress, a condition too ignominious for mention in *Looking Backward.*

Many of the current disccussions took exception to the book as quickening the pulse of economic unrest or contributing to attitudes of pessimism. One of the sharpest criticisms was that of Charles Dudley Warner (Mark Twain's collaborator in *The Gilded Age*) which appeared in "The Editor's Study" in *Harper's* for October, 1897. It is Warner's opinion that while *Looking Backward* was begun as a literary lark, it is now to be feared that the author has come to take himself seriously, though his description of and attack on nineteenth-century society in *Equality* is "as fantastic as the description of the society into which he awoke." The book is addressed to the spirit of revolt and the author seems to think that the best way of achieving brotherly love is "to excite the most rancorous hatred of class against class." Bellamy seems to overlook the existence of an overruling Providence or of design in the universe. "But every era since Christ came has been better than that which preceded it. . . . Every human being in a civilized society is or may be, but for his vices, better off than he could have been fifty years ago." Flying in the face of Bellamy's convictions about human nature, Warner continues:

> *Equality* is a mischievous book, because it tends to divert the attention from the serious and awful social and political problems we have to solve, and which we should go at like men and Christians, to the dreams, the impossible fantasies, of feather-headed socialism. . . . We must have better men and women before we have a much better world. And human nature is not going to be essentially changed by any economic formula.

These are the terms of the perennial debate over Bellamy's ideas and the cause of social amelioration generally. The name of Bellamy may not often be invoked in discussions of economic and social policy today, but his thesis is one to which partial subscription at least is almost universal. All our attention, all our dreaming, looks toward the proliferation of material goods. We have not the slightest intention of turning our backs and taking the alternative road offered by William Morris. We cannot conceive of a good condition for mankind without the gadgetry which stares out at us from the advertisements of every slick-paper magazine. We pity, and on the whole despise, other cultures whose values are perforce erected on a foundation of scarcity. Our own imaginings of Utopia are in terms of a bottle of milk delivered every morning on the doorstep of every Hottentot, and by implication of an electric refrigerator in which to keep it.

We are in less thorough agreement on the second principle of Bellamy's formula, that of economic equality, though we move toward it in devious ways. We attempt to put floors under wages and ceilings on incomes, to take away by taxation what we permit through profit and unearned increment. Our system is neither as neat and logical as Bellamy's, nor, of course, is it by any means as comprehensive as his. But we do move in that direction, inspired less by logic and enthusiasm for principle than by necessity of equilibrium. The whole social security structure of cradle-to-the-grave insurance is in line with the aspiration he set down. Whether he influenced the dreams of people living today is without importance, since it is clear that here too he caught hold of the wave of the future long before it broke upon the shore.

What we lack is the most important ingredient of all, his mystical sense of human solidarity, his religion of humanity. In fact, the current vogue is to be somewhat cynical of the perfectibility of human nature. We are inclined to say that if greed is eliminated as prime motive, it will be replaced by the will to power; that whatever the social matrix of personality, it will never take on the heavenly hues of altruism. But as Burris, the psychologist in *Walden Two*, the latest American Utopia, would say: That is an experimental question. It is always possible that Edward Bellamy was right in this assumption also, and that experience buttressing faith will vindicate him in the future.

The Specter of Predictable Man

By ANDREW HACKER

IT IS COMMON KNOWLEDGE that the social scientist does not command the respect which is accorded to his colleagues in the natural and physical sciences. And it would be no misstatement to say that this state of affairs has produced in him an intellectual inferiority complex. What is deserving of closer attention, however, is the fact that the raised-eyebrows evoked by his claim to a scientific title are prompting him to quit the seclusion of the cloister. To prove his worth as a scientist, he feels obliged to demonstrate to the world at large that his craft does in fact have practical applications. It is for this reason that the work of Cornell's Alexander Leighton at the Japanese Relocation Center and that of Harvard's Elton Mayo at the Western Electric Company are cited not as unscientific perversions of an otherwise "pure" discipline, but rather as proud examples of what the theoretical study of human relations can produce in the way of "results."

It has been suggested that there is an economic motive underlying this effort to show the flag. Many social scientists, Reinhard Bendix points out, wish to enlarge the field of social knowledge. But, he then goes on to say,

> to gain the material support necessary to expand social science as *science* . . . the social scientist must gain the support of the man of affairs. And how can he do this but by convincing the man of affairs that his work holds out promise of greater success in the conscious manipulation of social forces and of the 'mass mind.'

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This seems like a plausible enough explanation. But it does not really get to the core of the problem. For even if the financial difficulties did not arise we would still be witnessing attempts by social scientists to apply their findings in the real world. This is because there has been growing up a *new* kind of social scientist. And the development is being accompanied by the appearance of a *new* man of affairs. The former, unlike his armchair-bound forebears, takes positive relish at the thought of solving the social problems of the factory, the prison or the relocation center. And the latter, now trained at the Harvard Business School, advised by the American Management Association, and comforted by *Fortune* magazine, is eager to use the specialized knowledge of the social scientist in solving particular problems which present themselves within his bailiwick. Citing the field of psychology as an example of this trend, Helen Lynd points out that its findings are

> sought increasingly, not only in individual psychiatric treatment, but in demands for psychologists and psychiatrists to guide 'human-relations programs' in industry, government, army, and overseas relations.

While the men of affairs in industry and government have up to recently been slow to appreciate the value of such knowledge, once they have seen the light they have had no difficulty in finding social scientists who are more than eager to help them out. Indeed, one senses that social scientists are conducting a dignified sales-promotion campaign to persuade men of affairs that it is just such invitations which should be extended. The new social scientist, then, is a man with a message. He believes that he has answers to many of society's most pressing problems. And he is sincere in his desire to bring about what he considers to be an improvement in the condition of mankind.

As the invited social scientist enters a factory or a prison or even a home for unmarried mothers, he has a set of *idées fixes* at the forefront of his mind. He must, he believes, adjust the maladjusted; he must make the unsociable sociable; he must redirect emotions from irrational to rational channels. However, one cannot speak of adjusting, socializing, and rationalizing in a vacuum. One is adjusted *to* a particular state of affairs; one is socialized *in* the context of a certain environment; and one's emotions are channelled according *to* a selected rationale. Hence, these processes which the social scientist undertakes must, of necessity, be based on predetermined ideas of what is a desirable state of affairs, social environment, or rationale. In this realm the social scientist is not free to pick up and choose as he likes. The assumptions that he will adopt will be those of the factory managers or the wardens or whoever it was that invited his aid. But once having accepted the frame of reference of his host, he is at liberty to use his own techniques in making a social order out of an unsocial chaos. The notion of "order" or, as it is often called, "harmony" has profoundly significant consequences. For insofar as the social scientist succeeds at his job, the factory workers, the convicts or the unmarried mothers will have become adjusted to their social situations. But, we must now ask, just what has he adjusted these people to? How is their behavior, as individuals, any different from what it was before?

At this point we must take note of the fact that the social scientist's work may be judged from two points of view: on the one hand, we can regard it from the vantage point of the person who hired the social scientist to perform a specific task; on the other, we can look at it from the viewpoint of the person upon whom the social scientist is applying his techniques. Taking the former first, let us assume that the factory manager or warden has cooperated with the social scientist and has followed his advice. As a result, harmonious social relations have been ensured. We may suppose that apprehensions on the part of the workers or convicts have been allayed, duly-appointed authority is respected, and cooperation and beneficence are the rule rather than the exception. The factory manager (to use a single example for the time being) wants to be assured of two things. First, he wants higher and better production from his workers. And, second, he wants to create a state of affairs in his factory in which he will be able to know in advance that his subordinates will work hard, obey their superiors, and generally cooperate in the purposes of the organization as set down by the management. He wants this social environment to be created so that his first aim, higher production, can be effected. In short, the new manager wants to establish proper social conditions in his place of work because he knows that only in a congenial atmosphere will optimum efficiency be secured. But more. He wants to be assured that the behavior of his workers, as individuals, will fit into such a social pattern *so that* he will achieve this production standard. In the manager's eyes, then, the workers' proper adjustment to the social life of the factory is a means to the end of higher production.

But if we try to look at this adjustment process objectively we see that there is a second set of consequences. For now we must take note of the fact that there has been a process at work on the individual worker's personality. The worker has been adjusted, not for the purpose of making him a better human being, but to make him a more efficient producer. From the manager's point of view this is all to the good. But what of the owner of the adjusted personality?

Let us set up a concrete situation. Suppose that there are six girls at work putting electrical parts together, and they are seated around a table. Mary happens to be friendly with Susie; but she dislikes Edith intensely. The social scientist, after observing and interviewing the girls, discovers these facts. He tells the manager that if he seats Mary next to Susie, and makes sure that she is far away from Edith, he will then get better production out of her. And he may well go on to tell the manager that, after the seating has been re-arranged, Mary will now raise no objections to working on Saturday mornings—which is something that the manager wants her to do, but which she has refused to cooperate in up to this time. The places are then moved around: Mary is put next to Susie, and we discover that Mary's production record goes up and that she shows up regularly every Saturday morning. Two things have happened here. First, a good social adjustment has been brought about for Mary. And, second, the manager is now in a position to *predict* that Mary will cooperate in certain matters which she would not fall in with beforehand. The fact that the manager gets better production out of Mary is only a secondary consideration for us—although it is a primary one for the manager. What must concern us is what has happened to Mary in this adjustment process. We must therefore focus our attention on the question of prediction.

It is necessary to distinguish between two uses of the word "predict." On the one hand, there is the *everyday* usage. We all engage in prediction when we forecast what the weather's, or a football team's, or another person's behavior will be. Bertrand Russell, in a discussion of the meaning of "free will," points out that

> much as we esteem the old gentleman who is our neighbor in the country, we know that when grouse are mentioned, he will tell us the story of the grouse in the gun-room.

Now if we know the old gentleman's habits, and if we remark to him that the grouse-shooting looks good this season; even before we say this to him we could predict what he was going to do. But in such a case we have done no more than take advantage of his very apparent weakness. We happen to *know* what his reaction to the mentioning of a certain word will be. But it cannot be said that we have had a hand in controlling his behavior in order to *make* his reaction what it now is.

On the other hand, there is what may be called *scientific* prediction. It is at this juncture that we can best witness the social scientist's attempt to use the traditional laboratory methods. For the natural and physical scientists will not claim to be able to predict the outcome of an experiment unless they have *control* over their materials. In a word, scientific prediction requires the fullest possible knowledge of the variables which operate on the subject-matter under observation. It is therefore mandatory that unknowns be eliminated so that the scientist will know what to expect in the behavior of his materials. But it may be said that this talk about scientific prediction is irrelevant. For, it may be asked, is the social scientist in the factory doing anything more than what we might have done with the old gentleman? Just as we observed his reaction to the word "grouse" and were able to predict his behavior, so the manager (with the social scientist at his elbow) has observed Mary's behavior over a period of time and knows what her reaction will be if he places her next to Susie or Edith.

It is necessary to point out the difference between these two examples. Up to a point they are similar. For the story of the old gentleman ended when we tweaked his nose. And so would the drama of the factory be concluded if we left Mary seated contentedly next to Susie. But the latter is integrally connected with an epilogue—one which cannot be divorced from the opening chapters. For it was never claimed that the social scientist conditioned Mary to be happy if Susie were her bench-mate—any more than we conditioned the old gentleman. Quite the contrary, in fact. As a scientist he accepted this fact as a datum which the situation presented to him. The consequences of Mary's liking for Susie and dislike for Edith are a variable only if they are left to chance. Once the social scientist comes to know Mary's preferences, and once he puts her next to her friend, then Mary's behavior is no longer a variable. It is thenceforward a constant, and her behavior can be regarded in the terms of a controlled experiment. In other words, a happy Mary is a controlled Mary. Because she is happy the social scientist will be able to predict that she will respond favorably to any one of nine or ten stimuli (such as the suggestion that she work on Saturday); whereas had she been sitting next to Edith, she would only react amenably to one or two—and to those not too enthusiastically. This form of scientific, or controlled, prediction must be viewed within the framework of the ends that the social scientist has adopted. If he is advising a factory manager, then the objective is a social harmony which will lead to higher production. We are not, then, only concerned with the fact that a social scientist can tell a manager what a person will do when confronted with a given situation. The problem of prediction, as we have noted, has a double edge. First, in everyday terms, he can predict that Mary will be happy if she sits next to Susie. But, second, in scientific terms, once Mary is next to Susie, she is "controlled" and hence her amenability to authority can be predicted.

The skill of the social scientist lies in his ability to advise on how to adjust a person to his environment; and, once adjusted, how to channel that person's attitudes and behavior along a perticular path. Nathan Glazer points out that anthropologists have been able to tell British colonial administrators

> when a minor regulation violated deeper native beliefs, and . . . could sometimes suggest a substitute that would achieve the same end with less trouble. In the Southwest Pacific, for instance, the apthropologists had a hand in getting the natives to substitute wild pigs for human beings on certain ceremonial occasions.

Let us—at the risk of some awkwardness—put the two examples side by side. The colonial administrator (factory manager) wants to end cannibalism (achieve higher production). He knows that he will only get his way if he can gain the cooperation of the natives (workers). Hence he must make them happy to achieve cooperation for the end that he wants. The social scientist tells him that the natives (workers) will be unhappy if they cannot have some kind of meat at their ceremonials (sit next to their friends). If they are allowed some kind of meat (their friends next to them), they will be happy. The colonial administrators (factory managers), *without* the advice of the social scientist, might declare human sacrifices illegal by fiat (arrange the seating haphazardly, with the chance that incompatibles will sit next to each other), and the natives (workers) will be unhappy and will not cooperate with the colonial administrator's (factory manager's) larger ends. But if they seek out and follow the advice of the social scientist, and tell the natives (workers) that they may use wild pigs instead (sit next to their friends), then cooperation will be achieved. Glazer's illustration points out that the knowledge and techniques of the social scientists are not new. But it also shows us how the cannibals of the Southwest Pacific and American factory workers are in the same category as far as the social scientists are concerned.

Once the social scientist has studied an individual sufficiently he can usually discover that person's psychological Achilles' Heel. Professor Fritz Roethlisberger hypothesizes a workman who did not like his foreman. Upon interviewing the worker, a social scientist might discover that he "was conditioned by his early family situation." Unable to rebel against a since-deceased domineering father, "he may be projecting the parental image" on the foreman. It is assumed that the social scientist would endeavor to reconcile the worker to his childhood experiences; and thus adjust thim to his foreman, thereby bringing peace to the factory floor. Once grievances such as this are cured by scientific prescriptions, the individual's behavior is amenable to being directed along proper lines. And his actions will be scientifically predictable, as we will know that he will act along these lines. As he no longer has psychological blocs in the form of "early family situations," irrational economic complaints, non-logical social ideologies, or thwarted lines of communication, he will fit into the social plan which has been arranged for him.

This, then, is Predictable Man. He is only achieved once his maladjustments have been removed. When this is accomplished, he will respond "naturally," i.e. the way that those who stimulate him expect that he will respond, to his social environment. Predictable Man cannot be a troublemaker because his troublemaking can be known beforehand, and measures to deal with it can be concocted. He is happy, loyal, cooperative, and respectful of authority. But above all else, he is socialized. It is not by chance that he is that way: it is only because social scientists have studied his personality sufficiently to determine how best to fit him into his surroundings.

There are three steps in the predictabilizing process. The individual must be transformed first into Adjusted Man, then into Socialized Man, and finally into Predictable Man. In reality, the first and second stages are so intertwined that it is hard to distinguish them. For to be adjusted, a man must be socialized. And if he is socialized, then he is *ipso facto* adjusted. The modern social scientist is true to the cardinal dictum of the founder of his discipline. But, unlike Aristotle, he does not grant that man is *naturally* a social animal. Indeed, one of the great difficulties in the way of the social scientist's task is that all too many men are eminently unsocial. They are eccentric; they have quirks; they disagree, dissent, and harbor unorthodox views. Therefore, when the social scientist seeks to adjust an individual, he does not at all try to reconcile that person to living with *his own* personality. Rather he seeks to denude such a person of his unsociable characteristics so that he will fit into his proper social group. The Socialized Man, then, is less an individual than he is an integral unit in an operating group. He is a good team member. He probably prefers basketball to chess. And he certainly prefers both to solitaire.

This socializing process is a necessary step if Predictable Man is to be achieved. For the behavior of the maladjusted and the unsociable man cannot be predicted nearly as well as that of Socialized Man. An unsocialized man will react to external stimuli through his own personality. And while we might be able to predict, in an everyday sense, what he will do if we do or say something to him; the chances are that he will not do the right thing. And he will not do the right thing, i.e. what we want him to do, because, being unsocialized, he is not adjusted to his social situation and to the group which creates that situation. The Socialized Man, on the other hand, does not have a personality barrier between himself and external suggestion. If stimuli are scientifically applied to the group of which he is a well-adjusted member, then his behavior is eminently more predictable. For, first of all, he is subject to the social coercion of the group. If he is a social "rate-buster," then he may suffer at the hands of his fellows. But, second, as an active team member, he will have lost those facets of his personality which might not be amenable to scientific prediction.

However Predictable Man only becomes a cause for concern when the social scientist allies himself with those individuals in our society who wield the instruments of power. The social scientist, without his political or economic collaborators, is as harmless as an atomic physicist who knows how to make a bomb, but who has no assistance from the Atomic Energy Commission. For until the social scientist has gained access to the factory, the advertising agency, the government bureau, or the political party, he can only predict everyday behavior. In a word, he can predict; but he cannot control. But once he gains the cooperation of the factory manager, the television producer, the bureaucrat, or the politician, he is in a position to adjust the factory workers, television viewers, etc. It is only, as I have pointed out, at such time as an individual has been adjusted to his social environment that his behavior becomes scientifically predictable. I am not claiming that a *coup d'état* by the social scientists is looming on the horizon. For most of these men are mild-mannered scholars who are trying to apply scientific methods to a chaotic and unwieldy subject matter. They have neither the desire nor the ability to become industrial managers or politicians. But, this said, it must be noted that they are eager to try their skills in practical social situations. There are fewer and fewer social scientists to my knowledge who could resist the temptation to grab at an opportunity to supervise the kinds of projects that Leighton did at the Japanese Center or Mayo at Western Electric. As this is the case, they more and more allow themselves to be used by economic and political leaders in planning projects designed to bring about harmonious relations inside various organizations. The social scientist, then, is not the titular sovereign in these enterprises. But he is the trusted royal adviser who has privileged access to the ears of those who occupy the thrones. And more. The sovereigns have come more and more to rely upon the social scientists. An apt illustration of this shift in power is found in Donald Powell Wilson's *My Six Convicts*.[1] The inmates of Levenworth Prison had adorned the walls of their cells with depictions of the female anatomy in varying stages of undress. The warden had no objection to this; but a visiting committee of laymen, which could make its weight felt in the Congress, demanded that the pictures come down. The warden, sensitive to a legislative reprimand, ordered that the girls come off the walls. The prisoners started a "noise riot" (tin plates being banged against the bars—by several thousand men simultaneously), and refused to cooperate in administrative matters. The warden called his staff together to discuss how to deal with the situation. But aside from tear-gas (which was out of the question under the "new" penology), no suggestions were forthcoming. Finally Doctor Wilson, an ex-academic and then the prison psychologist, spoke up:

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[1] After incorporating this illustration into the text, my attention was called to Alfred Lindesmith's comments on this book in his review in the *American Sociological Review*:

> As the author strongly intimates in the preface, this book should be viewed primarily as entertainment . . . Wilson states that he has used literary license in the development of 'some of the episodes' . . . This reviewer has obtained opinions from two persons who were at the Annex of Fort Levenworth Penitentiary at the same time as Wilson . . . Both agree that several of the most dramatic episodes related by the author may never have happened at all.

I have no idea if the "episode" which I cite in the text is a matter of fact, "literary license," or pure fiction. However my point is a general one, and examples other than Wilson's should not be too difficult to uncover.

> I said that my principle with the men was largely one of self-determination, with opportunities for initiative and full responsibility for its use.

To this, the warden replied:

> Well, we've tried everything else. You're a psychologist. What do you suggest, Doctor?

And Wilson suggested that if the convicts were allowed to judge on one another's taste they would impose harsher standards than would anyone from outside. So he advised that the warden set up a committee of convicts to make the decisions as to what could remain on the walls. We have here the warden, the man who commands the authority in the organization, beseeching the social scientist: "You're a psychologist. What do you suggest?" And, as the psychologist's suggestion was in fact adopted, we have a situation where the social scientist is actually wielding the power even though the orders are issued through the authority of someone else.

The social scientist, *qua* scientist, claims to be an impartial pedlar of his wares. But despite this claim, he unquestioningly accepts the rationale for adjustment or harmony laid down by those who commissioned him to utilize his techniques. Of course the researcher in social science is impartial insofar as he advises an advertising agency aiding a company on one day and a trade union which wants to increase membership participation on the next. But over how wide a partisan compass the social scientists do, in fact, spread out their activities is open to question. Acting alone and without authoritative sponsorship, professors can effect no changes in a non-academic setting. They require the symbols of authority to stand behind them if their prescriptions are to have an influence over behavior. This means that they must work for the officially constituted leaders of organizations. And the corollary is that they will accept the rationale of the *status-quo* of those organizations.

Of course the social scientist, in answering such an indictment, may ask his critics, "What in the world is wrong with curing maladjustments or bringing harmony out of disharmony?" The simple answer is to assert that there cannot be—or ought not to be—a single rationale for running a factory, or framing a legislative program, or using soap. And insofar as the adjustment process means that the individual will be led, in succession, to accept without thinking a particular management policy, or a series of bills before Congress, or a box of soapflakes, then we cannot call him adjusted to his social environment in the larger, democratic sense. Rather he is adjusted to that particular policy which is being promoted by the social scientist's employer or host.

Predictable Man, then, cannot be a democratic man. For democracy presupposes that the individual examines various alternatives and then makes *his own* choice. Predictable Man is so adjusted that there is only one natural or logical choice that he will make in any given decisional situation. If democracy is to be maintained, then the individual must remain unpredictable—and, if needs be, maladjusted—in as many ways as possible. But this will not be brought about by wishing away the techniques of manipulating minds. Manipulation is here to stay, and we must make the best of it.

A reasonable solution will only be found if manipulators are made to compete with each other. Proponents of opposing rationales must be made to seek to adjust the individual to differing kinds of social harmonies. A very graphic example from my own experience comes to mind. In one large industry there have been intensive efforts at the interview technique which was alluded to earlier. Workers are given —on company time—lengthy interviews by management representatives in order to discover potential sources of dissatisfaction (such as unhappy childhoods). I heard a leader of the union which organized the workers in that industry speak to an audience of shop-stewards.

His speech could be summarized as follows:

> If ever management tries to get you—or any of your men—into a room with soft chairs, and if some good-natured joker with a necktie with a dimple in the knot tries to get you to spill your guts—if ever this happens, *just clam up!* Don't open your yap! It's all part of a company plot to get you on their side and to win you away from the union.

The interviewing process, as is the case with many of the social scientist's techniques, is a very fragile instrument. And it is extremely prone to having monkey-wrenches thrown into it. As long as we can be sure that, while one group is trying to get an individual to "spill his guts," another is telling him to "clam up," we can be fairly sure that the individual—albeit a confused man—is not a Predictable Man.

The conclusion must be that the modern social scientist has rejected the liberal-democratic conception of freedom. For the traditional notion of freedom presupposes alternative avenues of choice to be open to the individual. The social scientist would so adjust and socialize us that a single, predictable route would always be open to us whenever a decision had to be made. We would not, of course, be forced to take that road. But it would, once we were adjusted and socialized, be the only natural one for us to select. Professor B. F. Skinner of Harvard, in a scholarly—and at the same time terrifying—book called *Science and Human Behavior*, informs us that

> we cannot apply the methods of science to a subject matter which is assumed to move about capriciously. Science not only describes, it predicts. It deals not only with the past but with the future. Nor is prediction the last word: to the extent that relevant conditions can be altered, or otherwise controlled, the future can be controlled.

This bothersome subject matter which moves "capriciously" about is, of course, individual human beings. The social scientist, enthusiastically bent on applying his methods must, if he is to succeed, knock the capriciousness out of us once and for all. It is only if the conditions which surround our lives are "altered, or otherwise controlled"—only if we will have been transformed into Predictable Men—that the science of human behavior will be able to call itself a true science and in that capacity to serve society.

If the individual is to remain unpredictable, if he is to be uncontrolled, if he is to retain his capriciousness—then the first task is to pinpoint those areas in which social scientists are now engaged in practical work. Once they have been found they must be widely publicized so that all—including those being studied and adjusted—will know what is going on. Lionel Trilling makes this point well:

> If, then, we are to live under the aspect of sociology, let us at least all be sociologists together—let us broadcast what every sociologist knows, and let us all have a share in observing one another, including the sociologists. . . . Indiscriminate publication . . . makes sociology a little less the study of many men by a few men and a little more man's study of himself.

But publicity is not enough. Factory workers and convicts do not read Lionel Trilling.

Following on this there must be concrete intervention in the field. *Laissez-faire* can not be allowed. We are not within our rights in assuming that competition will rise up of its own accord. There is a danger of monopoly, and it is the most crucial monopoly of all: that over men's minds. In the economic sphere we see that the government has given generous subsidies to the Kaiser and Reynolds aluminum companies in order to create—artificially at the outset—competition for the Aluminum Company of America. Similarly, if, on investigation, we find that in any area of political, religious, cultural or social life the social scientists are disproportionately weighting the scales in a particular ideological or partisan direction, then the balance must be consciously redressed. In brief, other social scientists must be specially engaged to set to work trying to adjust us to one or more of a variety of opposing rationales. For in an age of social science, the only hope for the survival of democracy is if our minds are being adjusted, like Stephen Leacock's horse, in all directions at once.

My Aunt Sarah and the Rich

By SAMUEL TENENBAUM

My Aunt Sarah who lived with us had some peculiar ideas about rich people. When I was a boy, I had no way of judging whether she was right or wrong; and it took me many years to straighten out these ideas in my own mind; and I suppose that a number of them still cling to me like vestigial remains. You must not think that Aunt Sarah had systematic, well-thought-out views on the rich; it was nothing like that at all. They were confused, complex and in many ways contradictory. How she assembled her notions and what were the sources that influenced her I do not know.

Aunt Sarah roughly classified mankind into two distinct species, the poor and the rich. In her mind, there was no such thing as a good rich man. Every rich man per se was suspect; the mere fact that he was rich was synonymous in her mind with his being shady, double-dealing, questionable in morals and ethics. Aunt Sarah worked as a clothes presser. To her every boss, no matter who he was, what kind of a business he ran, as long as he employed people, was rich. If he was rich that meant that he was devious, dishonest, cruel, exploiting, villainous, ingenious in robbing the poor and living in luxury on their iniquitous exploitation.

Migrating to America in her early teens, she started to work in a factory immediately on her arrival. She had never heard of the Horatio Alger concept of the poor boy struggling upward and onward. She could not conceive of such a notion. It would have been as impossible for her to grasp this concept as the principles of the Einstein theory. If hypothetically it were possible, she would not have bothered to argue the matter. She would have shrugged her shoulders,

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as if to indicate that the whole business was rubbish and nonsense, fit only for idiots and fools to entertain; certainly, not worthy of consideration by anyone with an iota of intelligence.

Just as there wasn't a shred of decency in the rich, in Aunt Sarah's lexicon, there wasn't a speck to tarnish the virtue of the poor; for every poor man was to her honest, hard-working, exploited, abused, cheated, long-suffering.

Such in broad outline were her general views on the subject, but to detail all their nuances would take one into labyrinthian bypaths and on many strange and devious roads.

For instance: My Aunt Sarah was firmly convinced that no rich man ever courted a poor woman with honest intentions. His sole motive was to seduce her; and once he had succeeded in exploiting her for his own villainous uses, he would cast her mercilessly adrift. Rich women, for some reason, did not arouse in her nearly the same amount of fury as rich men. In her mind, a rich woman was a mistake of nature, like four-leaf clover. But since she was rich, she was nevertheless tainted, but not nearly as badly as her male counterpart. When a rich woman became involved with a *poor* man, my Aunt Sarah was sure that the woman was wise and sly and knew what it was all about. Normally, in the relationship of the sexes, my Aunt Sarah was convinced that the male represented the calculating sex, always to be suspected and rightly so; while the female was the innocent, guileless sex. Like the spider and the fly, the male, whether poor or rich, was always the spider and the female was always the fly. However, for rich women this role was reversed. As she spoke of them, she intimated that they had an unfair advantage; that they lured men not by their charm, which would be honest and aboveboard, but by dangling before them their wealth. Wealth, in Aunt Sarah's mind, was not wealth as you conceive it. It did not consist of luxurious houses, good food, fine clothes. To her, wealth—being rich—was connected with weird, otherworldly qualities, which was altogether beyond the hope of poor people ever to know about because they were poor. This wealth which the rich woman dangled before a man, but especially a poor man, broke his moral fibre; he disintegrated, becoming unable to avoid being trapped and snagged.

However, once a marriage took place between a rich person and a poor person, the situation forthwith was drastically altered. In the case of the rich woman and the poor man, she dismissed that outcome quickly, not dwelling on it, as if it were a mistake of nature. She would say: "She must have been an ugly piece of a good-for-nothing if he married her." Or: "It's a good thing to be rich"; she would say this with a heavy sigh. "If she didn't have money, who would have looked at her?" Since the poor man had become by marriage willy-nilly a rich man, he had automatically become contaminated. "Leave it to him," she would say. "He knew what was good. He knew when he would fall into a soft bed. And now he lives in gravy." If you suspect there was some contradiction in her before-and-after attitude, you would be probably right.

What really excited her imagination, really got her in a tizzy and set her speculating, was when a poor girl married a rich man. She immediately assumed that the girl was young and pretty and the man was old and debauched. There could be no doubt about that. Why otherwise should a rich man want to marry a poor girl? Once the poor girl had been rescued from the spine-tingling danger in which she had been dangling and had become legitimized by a legal marriage, a drastic and marked alteration set in. In her mind the poor girl became completely transformed. To hear Aunt Sarah talk about her, you would think that some good fairy had come along and touched her with a magic wand; only Aunt Sarah believed the fairy tale to be true and not fiction.

Despite her railings against the rich, she had an avid interest in them. You could tell her the most fanciful and fabulous tales about them, and she would listen *and believe*. Further, she would seek out these tales—in her reading, in newspaper accounts, in stories told by fellow workers in her factory. As she retold them, they became more fanciful, more fabulous. I remember her describing the mansions and the great apartment houses on Riverside Drive, which through Aunt Sarah I had come to know as the place where millionaires foregathered, in a sort of exclusive fraternity. We were living at the time in a tenement district in New York City. I remember my eyes popping out as she described the great castles reaching to the sky, and uniformed servants, tall and erect and forbidding who stood guard that no stranger invade this heavenly world. Their houses or apartments became, not places in which they lived, but mythical menages in which were many, many servants and many, many rooms. The food that was served to the rich was not ordinary food, like bread, milk and meat. Nothing ordinary like that. It was a special kind of bread, different. It was a special kind of milk, different. It was a special kind of meat, different.

To be a rich man involved not only money. It was a complicated business and it required training. In restaurants frequented by rich people, one had to know what was the right way to eat, what was the right way to dress, what was the right way to conduct oneself. For instance, after you were through eating in a restaurant for the rich, you were served a bowl of water, but this was not for drinking. Oh, no! You washed yourself in it. Aunt Sarah indicated that if you went to such a restaurant and if you didn't know about such things, you would somehow be publicly and eternally disgraced and you could never become part of this fabulous world.

I remember our family spending one summer at an ocean resort. We were in the poor section; but about a mile away, there was a private beach, which was fenced off and carefully guarded. Here the rich stayed. I remember with what awe Aunt Sarah spoke of this secluded section. As I listened to her, I began to imagine that the ocean water in which these rich people bathed was altogether different from ours; that the water was more delicate, more refined, perfumed, gentle, never turbulent, never cold, tepid, just right for the human body. And the houses in which they lived were more wonderful than anything I had ever seen or imagined.

When Aunt Sarah spoke of the rich, there was a special tone in her voice. It became confidential . . . "you know, I don't have to tell you . . ." The simplest things became shrouded in awe and mystery. In speaking of someone whom she explained was very rich, she would say: "They bought a silk scarf for the mantlepiece, and it was a genuine, imported article from France." Or: "The rugs are a foot deep, and you sink into them like in a bed. And if you ask me, there are poor people whose beds are not as soft as those rugs. And the apartment is high up in the clouds, with rooms like fancy ballrooms."

Just as she mesmerized herself as she recounted these marvels, similarly she held others spellbound; for she could picture a life of magnificent luxury such as one had never heard. At the points where she became lyrical in her descriptions, she lost her hatred of the rich, and instead there crept into her voice the wonder that is engendered by a fairy tale.

If you listened to Aunt Sarah, you would come to believe that it was impossible for a rich man to die, for he had the resources to out-general, out-maneuver, out-wit Death. When one of the rich got sick, they had at their beck and call the greatest doctors in the world—from America, Europe, Asia, South America. They knew exactly where these doctors were, who exactly was the specialist to cure what; and they could call them and they would come instantly; and in short order, they would cure the sick, rich man. When my aunt saw an old man who was accounted rich, she would say, "If he weren't rich, he would have been ten feet under the ground long ago." She would say this with a sense of grievance in her voice, as if this rich man had access to special privileges which were denied to her as a member of the lowly poor.

When a rich man went to a hospital, my Aunt Sarah was firmly convinced that he received special treatment, and by this she did not mean that the hospital authorities treated him more kindly or were more solicitous of him. Nothing that simple at all. She meant that as soon as he came into the hospital and they saw he was a rich man, the hospital authorities would resort to hidden and secret processes and techniques, special drugs and treatments, which were reserved exclusively for the rich and which were not used for the poor. If a rich man at times did die, it meant that he had finally succumbed despite the most ingenious and cleverest battle that had been waged in his behalf; it meant that all the powerful forces on earth had tried to keep him alive and they had failed only because God himself—personally—had decreed the death; and such a decree no one can gainsay, not even a rich man.

Needless to say, in any business transaction, it was impossible for a rich man to make a mistake or show bad judgment. If a poor man joined in a venture with a rich man and the venture went well, she would say, "What do you expect?" implying that there was no other outcome possible as long as the rich man was involved. If the venture went bad and the poor man lost his money, she was convinced that he had been defrauded and cheated. If you dared to suggest that the rich man might have lost money, too, she would give you a withering look, as if you were naive and a fool and ought to know better. "Leave it to him," she would say, implying that the rich man had grown richer by the deal, for now he had gobbled up in addition to his own money the hard-earned savings of the poor man. It was as difficult for Aunt Sarah to conceive a poor man bilking a rich man as for a ball thrown into the air to fly straight up to the moon.

As Aunt Sarah spoke about the rich, it appeared that they reached their apotheosis in their social life. Around the rich clustered everything that was amusing, light-hearted and gay. She couldn't imagine a rich man who was lonely, insecure and friendless. She always pictured him surrounded by crowds of people who either amused him or played up to him or catered to him. In her mind, the rich were eternally gay and happy, twenty-four hours a day, never knowing a moment of worry and care. Of course, everything they touched or consumed was "of the finest and the best." Also, the possession of money made them personally charming and socially desirable. The hotels, the resorts, the homes where the rich foregathered resembled Nirvana, for here one's every wish was satisfied and one could want for nothing. That a rich man could go to one of these idyllic resorts and be snubbed and bored was impossible for her to conceive. As a distinct species, the rich operated under other laws than those that prevailed for the poor.

Needless to say, the rich men wielded enormous power, and from them emanated most of the evil of the world. If they weren't so selfish and amoral, they could with a flick of their finger eliminate poverty, disease and injustice. When her union made a settlement which she didn't like, she was convinced that the wicked rich had bought out the union officials. If the government, or the court, or the church, or the press did anything that she thought wrong, she had an easy explanation. She would lean back in a smug, knowing and contented manner, as if she had plumbed the bottom of the mystery. Yes, of course, they all had been bought out and were in the pay of—yes, the rich, of course—and as hirelings they were doing their bidding.

Yet when you came right down to it, Aunt Sarah had the haziest and the fuzziest idea of who comprised the rich. "He's a real millionaire," she would say. "He has at least ten thousand dollars." There was one relative in the family who by such standards might have been accounted a rich man. His name was Mr. Dansker; we never thought of leaving out the "mister" in this connection. He was in business for himself; he was a clothing contractor, and he had about a dozen people working for him. In our family that set him up as something special. When Mr. Dansker arrived for the official events that go with family living—birth, confirmations, weddings, deaths—everyone was most respectful of him and they stepped aside as they gave him the front seat. When he opened his mouth to say something, everyone hushed and listened.

On such occasions, I would always watch Aunt Sarah. She would become shy, taciturn, speaking in monosyllables, hardly able to open her mouth. She would fix her gaze on him, never taking her eyes off him. It seemed to me that she expected any minute that some wondrous, magical thing would pop out of his person. She was invariably disappointed.

To illustrate: Aunt Sarah had a special interest in any object that had been in close proximity or owned by a rich man. She would examine such objects, as if they had come from another planet. When one of my brothers was graduated from high school, Mr. Dansker paid his official visit and left behind a gift. After he had gone, we all examined the gift with great eagerness and curiosity, but none more so than Aunt Sarah. "Look!" she said, her voice heavy with sarcasm. "It's a nothing. A Waterman fountain pen. So what sort of wonder is that?" If one understood her, one would recognize in her voice two principal grievances. First, why did he treat our family so shabbily? Why wasn't he considerate enough to exercise his prerogatives as a rich man to bring something from his wondrous world that would dazzle all of the unfortunates who were condemned to live in the world of the poor. Secondly, in her tone there was a degree of factiousness. "What's so special about him if all he was to show for being in this world of the rich is a Waterman fountain pen? My Harry, who is a plain machine operator, can buy that, too."

Although the rich fascinated my Aunt Sarah, they invariably disappointed her. She railed against them, she groused against them, she envied, she hated and she was jealous of them. That was one side of the ledger. On the other, they provided her with a world, a realm, where she could allow her imagination to play loose and wild. This gave her a great deal of excitement and pleasure; for she enjoyed nothing so much as talking about the rich, whether in terms of the evil they did or in terms of their apotheosized fairy-tale living. It was impossible for my Aunt Sarah to take the rich or to leave the rich alone. She needed them—badly—to give warmth and meaning and sustenance to her life.

Night Song for Dylan Thomas

By Herbert A. Kenny

Who is going to sing us, sing us
now that he's hushed and the snow has choked
the great mouth of summer in the profligate year
that knew no fall,
no fall, no fall?

Who is going to break the westwind?
His saddle's reversed and the drums are cold
and the moon has collapsed and lies in the field
like a white silk shroud
like a man's white shroud.

Death danced for him, danced for him, danced for him,
        danced for him,
in a mad tarantelle as long as he played
and then snatched him up when he paused in his laughter
as a man might a maid
as a man should his bride.

Herbert A. Kenny is a Boston newspaperman. His poems have appeared in such publications as *Four Winds*, *The Catholic World*, and the New York *Herald Tribune*.

Books - - - -

Business and Government

By RAY GINGER

A BUSINESSMAN TODAY is likely to have a changeable posture toward the Federal government. He will seek favors from it, curse it in exasperation for meddling in his affairs, and regard it always with deep anxiety. The government is a monster, even if sometimes a benevolent one, and in recent decades this monster has been an unbidden presence at the sessions of every board of directors.

Many writers have recently argued the problem of whether this growing government interference in business can be checked, or even reversed. My purpose here is to evaluate a few of these books. First, the essential thesis of each author will be presented. Then I will offer my own analysis of the reasons for the Federal encroachments on business. This variant analysis will be used to appraise the arguments of each author.

Three current books pivot around the notion of moral regeneration, of business, of labor, or of everybody. The most sophisticated of these books is by Howard R. Bowen, who served as chief economist for the Irving Trust Company of New York and then dean of the business school at Illinois before becoming a professor at Williams.[1] Since business decisions influence almost everything about our society, says Bowen, the businessman in making those decisions must consider the total effects of each alternative, not merely its probable impact on the security and profits of his own company. Executives should formulate policy on the basis of questions like these: "What will this decision mean in terms of the standard of living of the American people? Is it consistent with economic progress? Does it promote economic stability? Is it good for personal security? Does it help to preserve order? Is it just? Does it advance freedom? Does it help people toward personal self-realization? Is it good for the community? Is it helpful toward national security? Is it honorable?" (p. 12). To the extent that the businessman acts on the basis of such considerations, he is accepting the "doctrine of social responsibility."

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[1] Howard R. Bowen, *Social Responsibilities of the Businessman* (Harper, 1953. $3.50). One of a Series on Ethics and Economic Life, Produced by a Study Committee of the Federal Council of Churches.

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Some will object that businessmen just won't do it; others will point out that an executive, even if willing, cannot answer all of those questions. Bowen replies with some justice that each person tends to play the role assigned to him. Thus in answer to those who argue that the accommodation of many companies to trade unions and collective bargaining has been solely the result of government coercion, he says that both government policy and business attitudes were influenced by the continuing agitation of Protestant and Catholic groups for more democracy in industrial relations.

Bowen is also impressive in his discussion of the conflicting definitions of the term, "standard of living," and the relevance of this conflict to business policy. Businessmen tend to measure the "standard of living" exclusively in economic terms, as the most efficient production of goods and services. But many Protestant thinkers have expanded its meaning to include the conditions under which goods and services are produced. A businessman, for instance, might see a reduction in work-loads in his plant as reducing efficiency and lowering the standard of living, whereas others would regard this as a shift in content of the standard of living. This is no mere terminological quibble. Much American policy now turns on the annual estimates of gross national product, which include only the output of goods and services. Although Simon Kuznets and other statisticians have recognized that the concept of gross national product now used is misleading in several respects, no concrete proposals for revision have been made.

Bowen's book, in spite of these and other insights, is likely to be disappointing to anybody who has paid much attention to its general subject. By trying to be inclusive, it becomes superficial. By summarizing what businessmen and religious groups have said, it often ignores what they have done.

Even more disappointing is Cy Ching's volume of reminiscences.[2] Ching has had a remarkable career. In 1900, as a young immigrant from his native Prince Edward's Island, he started working on the Boston Elevated, whose labor policies, by his account, merited the most severe socialist indictments of turn-of-the-century capitalism. Ching became adviser on industrial relations to the Elevated, and, he says, helped to straighten things out. Moving to United States Rubber in the same capacity in 1919, he helped to pilot that firm through 25 years without a strike. Since 1940 his main work has been in the various labor bureaus in Washington, as director of the Mediation and Conciliation Service, as head of the Wage Stabilization Board, and in other posts.

His book, while garrulous and disorganized, does occasionally strike an important issue. The discussion of national emergency strikes is quite sensible, as is the chapter on company pension plans. Ching deserves a sympathetic hearing for the conclusions he derives from the muddle of wage-price controls after 1950: ". . . if controls are to be effective, they must be rigid. Otherwise we would be better off without them." (p. 98) But his ultimate proposal for future labor relations seems, in the pure sense of the word, reactionary. Ching wants to enforce the antitrust laws vigorously against both capital and labor. He opposes "industry-wide bargaining," advocating instead that each employer should bargain with his employees, and that both should be free from the control of anybody "outside the particular employment relationship." (p. 143) This was the platform of George F. Baker and other enlightened capitalists a half century ago. Although Ching is often vague and unclear, seemingly he wants plant-wide bargaining, mutual self-respect between capital and labor, less emotionalism, and less government intervention. This does not strike me, all in all, as a useful program.

America: Miracle at Work[3] implies that business needs no moral regeneration. This volume is a collection of advertisements which received awards from the *Saturday Review* for "Distinguished Advertising in the Public Interest." Some of the winners (which were chosen by a large committee of persons from industry, education, and research foundations) are indeed miraculous, or at least incredible. A winning ad from the Bohn Aluminum Corporation contains copy like this: "Moscow meddlers in positions of influence are promoting cheap money in America today. *Let's throw them out!*" Is this meant as a contribution to the debate on monetary policy? Or, from the same advertisement: "Let your leaders know that you oppose 'Socialistic' schemes that lead to Communism." In what way is demagogy like this "in the public interest"? Companies might well confine themselves to presenting reliable information about their own products, or to publicizing such simple propositions as the need for blood donations. A brief, catchy advertisement is hardly the medium for analysis of complex problems. In this sphere it is literally true that the most effective advertisements are the most dangerous ones.

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[2] Cyrus S. Ching, *Review and Reflection: A Half Century of Labor Relations*. (B. C. Forbes & Sons, 1953. $3.95).

[3] William D. Patterson, editor, *America: Miracle at Work* (New York: Prentice-Hall, 1953. $7.50).

John Kenneth Galbraith, like Bowen and Ching, has enjoyed a varied experience; he has been an editor of *Fortune*, Deputy Administrator of the OPA, and is now an economics professor at Harvard. But his book[4] is much different from the others. Where the books by Ching and Bowen are diffuse, Galbraith hammers at a single theme. They talk of social responsibility, he talks of power. And he talks clearly and pointedly.

His argument runs like this. Economists have been wrong in assuming that the restraints on the power of a business firm must arise from competition, from other firms on the same side of the market. In the American economy, power on one side of a market is checked by power on the other side of the market: the labor policy of United States Steel must cope with the Steelworkers Union; the big tire producers must bargain with Sears Roebuck, the electrical manufacturers with the department stores, General Foods with A. & P. In general the big retailers, struggling among themselves for the patronage of the common man, prevent the manufacturers from reaping the gains of market power. Original power (that is, the oligopoly that first develops in a market) is offset by countervailing power.

If it were not for the development of countervailing power in many markets, says Galbraith, government intervention would have gone much further than it has. If Sears Roebuck and the A. & P. did not help to hold prices down, the OPA would be a permanent institution. Without the Steelworkers Union, we would have labor courts to fix wage rates. And, he contends, this is exactly what happens during an inflationary period when the demand for consumer goods outruns the supply. Then retailers and manufacturers, employers and unions, join hands in chasing a spiral of rising prices, and the consumer takes a drubbing. Government steps in. But so long as markets have a margin of slack, countervailing power displaces government regulation in protecting the consumer from exploitation and the workingman from injustice.

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[4] John Kenneth Galbraith, *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1952. $3.00).

Galbraith has, in my judgment, slighted the amount of competition in the American economy, and also has exaggerated the probability that countervailing power will develop as a corollary of original power in any market. Several specific points in his argument could be disputed successfully. The evidence he offers is certainly not enough to substantiate so sweeping a thesis. But, when all this is said, his book remains as one of the few significant interpretative works on the American economy to be published in recent years. From now on, an economist approaching a market situation will certainly look for evidence of countervailing power, and, by doing so, will often grasp significant relations which he might otherwise have missed. Galbraith's thesis might also influence public policy. He questions the wisdom, for instance, of governmental attacks on countervailing power while the position of original power is left untouched. This is a telling argument against the laws providing for resale price maintenance, and against the antitrust prosecution of A. & P.

But, from the perspective of business executives, Galbraith's reasoning contains several jokers. Bowen and Ching offer business an immunity from government interference only if businessmen do voluntarily the things that government would otherwise make them do. Galbraith promises them that, if they accept government action to develop countervailing power in private hands, they can escape more stringent forms of government regulation. These lesser evils are not likely to be embraced as positive benefits.

In yet another respect, the arguments offered in these books will not be very comforting to businessmen. Even if the programs for moral regeneration (Bowen and Ching) and for countervailing power

(Galbraith) achieve striking successes, they will not reverse the trend toward government intervention in business. This trend is the outcome of several long-term developments which seem destined to continue.

1. *The threat of unemployment.* Since 1913, the American economy has seldom operated at peak capacity except when this country was preparing for war, fighting a war, or helping the world to recover from war. Both Bowen and Galbraith emphasize that their prescriptions can do little to stabilize the economy. Nearly all economists agree that this goal can be gained only by positive governmental action, although they differ on the specific policies to be adopted. I see no reason to think that the private economy will become more stable in the near future. On the contrary, such trends as a rising national income, and a rising proportion of that income going into durable goods, seem to point in the other direction.

2. *Military preparedness.* Present international tensions will not disappear overnight; any reduction is likely to be gradual. This persistent threat of war can only serve to enhance the influence of government. Federal control over foreign trade will be pervasive. Federal procurement efforts and allocation policies will be felt in countless markets, and will indirectly set the tone for the entire economy. Some twenty per cent of the gross national product will continue to flow into government coffers as tax revenues. Government subsidies will affect the location of plants, and the prosperity of specific industries and companies.

3. *The growth of organizations.* The American economy is increasingly characterized by giant organizations, not by the plethora of small-scale units envisaged by Adam Smith. As power becomes concentrated on one side of a market, the unorganized units on the other side feel that they are being exploited, and strive by combination to develop countervailing power. If their own efforts cannot achieve this goal, they seek the aid of government. Galbraith says with keen insight that "the provision of state assistance to the development of countervailing power has become a major function of government." (p. 133) We have had the Wagner Act and the Fair Labor Standards Act for wage earners, acreage restriction and price supports for farmers, the Securities Exchange Act for investors, the acts of 1935 and 1937 for the coal industry, and so on.

But such Federal action to build countervailing power makes further government intervention inevitable, for it helps to create a situation in which the conflicts between contestants are freighted with consequences for the entire community or even the entire country. This is particularly true of labor disputes. In the steel strike of 1952, few indeed were the voices urging the government to keep its hands off; the debate turned on the subsidiary question of what form government action should take. Cy Ching, perceiving the dynamics of this situation, wants the government to tear down private organizations rather than build them up. Ching is acute in seeing the likely result of the growth of combinations, but he seems to me obtuse in supposing that this trend can be reversed.

The growth of organizations is not entirely due to an increase in people's desire to get organized. It is due also to an improved technique for administering large organizations. Every organization has an inherent tendency to expand up to its limit, defined as the size beyond which internal coordination becomes impossible. As administrative techniques improve, the size of organizations increases. This is true of business firms, of trade unions, of farmers' groups. And of the government. Seen in this light, the growth of the governmental bureaucracy results from an inherent tendency to expansion, pressing against a steadily receding barrier of administrative inefficiency.

4. *To an increasing extent, Americans are seeking services which cannot be provided by private enterprise.* It is administratively impossible to charge the consumers of some of these services, such as highways or the fact-reporting activities of various agencies. Others, like the multi-purpose regional development projects, require an aggregation of capital that could hardly be raised privately. The operations of such bureaus as the RFC or the Home Owners Loan Corporation involved a degree of risk that seemed unattractive to private industry. And many government activities involve an element of subsidy, like the health programs proposed in recent years.

For this reason also, government seems destined to encroach more and more on the erstwhile sphere of business.

5. *The foreign activities of U.S. business.* Few American firms operated in foreign countries before 1900, and those few did so at their own risk. This situation has changed drastically. The oil industry, now the largest industry in the United States, is oriented in large part

toward foreign operations; the steel industry is seeking iron ore abroad; automobile producers show increasing interest in foreign markets. In countries like Venezuela and Saudi Arabia, a private company, not the United States ambassador, symbolizes American policy and influence; the decisions made by these companies inevitably take account of the views of the Federal government. Private companies want, in their overseas operations, the support and protection of the government, and they can secure these guarantees only by consulting with the government at every turn in the road.

These trends in American society have increased government influence in business. The trends seem likely to continue. If they do, government influence has yet to reach its peak. Bowen does not say that a recognition by businessmen of social responsibility can reverse this development; on the contrary, a major virtue of his book is its recognition of the rather limited reforms which this doctrine might achieve in the near future. Galbraith's argument points toward an increasing rather than a decreasing amount of Federal action. All that Bowen and Galbraith offer to business is the chance to avoid over-all control and centralized planning by the government.

The Women Books

By ROBERT BIERSTEDT

THE SUBJECT OF WOMEN, of course, is a perennial one and, while one might argue that females have more interesting uses than to serve as the focus of inquiry, they merit attention even in the latter role. This attention they have abundantly received during the course of the past year, especially in the four books we want to review. The authors of these books are equally divided with respect to sex—two men and two women. The books are equally divided also with respect to level of approach and achievement, except that here we find a man and a woman on each side. The first of these books, by a man (actually four men), is important but not necessarily profound; the second, by a woman, is both important and profound; and the third and fourth, by a woman and a man respectively, are neither important nor profound. As a matter of fact, the disparities between these four books, all devoted to roughly the same subject, are so many and diffuse that we are forced to discuss them separately and seriatim. It may be a little easier to deal with women on paper than in person—but not much.

The first of the "women books" to engage our attention is entitled, as everyone knows by now, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders & Co., 1953. $8), and its authors are Kinsey, Pomeroy, Martin, and Gebhard. The book of course is a sequel to a book of somewhat similar character published a couple of years ago. The subject of the two books is the same and only the sex is different. One of the conclusions of the second book, however, is that sex is not so different after all in the two sexes, but remarkably the same.

We should like to concede at the outset that the second Kinsey, like the first, is a work of the most impressive magnitude and to suggest in addition that it is destined to be a classic of contemporary scientific research. Indeed, it is not altogether beyond the limits of possibility that the entire series of the Kinsey inquiries will prove to be the outstanding contribution to the human sciences to be made in the twentieth century. Except for the fact that Kinsey has no theory, a fact to be mentioned again below, one could predict that the century might well belong to him as the nineteenth belonged to Darwin.

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Kinsey's specific discoveries are so well known by now that they require no recitation here. The magazines have moved in on the subject (everything from the journals that flicker momentarily on the newsstands to the *Journal* of the American Medical Association), imitations have begun to make their appearance, and critics of various stripes are having their say. At the moment it might almost be more appropriate to review the reviews than to criticize the source.

We might remark first of all that none of the magazines, including those most dedicated to sensationalism, was able to find anything sensational in the book itself. Standing squarely in the way is Kinsey's style, a style of the utmost sobriety. However much one may praise the study as science, it is in addition a paragon of scholarship. Through 761 pages of text and footnotes Kinsey maintains his neutral tone, a tone which rises to scorn only in reference to points of view which, however widely accepted, rest upon no evidence whatever or upon a kind of evidence which is contradicted by the clearly superior evidence now adduced.

One should not lightly dismiss this achievement. If for nothing else Kinsey deserves high tribute for talking about sex in exactly the same tone of voice one might use in discussing the stress equations of steel beams. Kinsey must have known, of course, that the slightest slip from this level of discourse would have destroyed the efficacy of his inquiry. But knowing this and doing it are two different things, and Kinsey has somehow managed to do it. His detachment in fact assures additional confidence in his methods. It is apparent that his interviews were conducted with a similar detachment, with no suggestion of collusion with his subjects, no backstairs delight in their disclosures. There is no trace of vulgarity, in short, nor suspicion of obscenity in the entire book. The most unusual forms of sexual behavior are treated with a total equanimity until finally the reader realizes, as he is intended to realize, that they are not so unusual after all.

Some of Kinsey's critics have complained that he has said nothing about love. The complaint is a curious one. The study concerns sex, not love; females, not women. Surely such elementary discriminations as these are basic to intellectual inquiry. For doing precisely what he set out to do Kinsey and his associates merit praise, not blame. It is the sign of a scientist that he sticks to his subject and eschews those lines of inquiry which, however fascinating in themselves, encroach upon other domains. For this reason, among others, we may say that Kinsey's work is a moral achievement; it conforms to the highest standards of scholarship and science. He assumes nothing; he is shocked by nothing; his conclusions never run ahead of his evidence; and he maintains throughout that ethical neutrality which is synonymous with the scientific attitude. Indeed, one trouble with the book, so to speak, is that it is too scholarly for the common taste. Not enough people will read it.

We might have a word also with the critics who contend that the sanctity of the subject should preserve it from search. One may recall of course Wordsworth's contempt for the philosopher, "a fingering slave" who "would peep and botanize upon his mother's grave." Kinsey attends to this attitude in his opening chapter where he discusses the right to investigate and the right to know. The notion that there might be aspects of the universe—including, one supposes, females—which it is better not to investigate, not to know, not to understand, is one which is hardly compatible with the advancement of learning. Such an attitude indeed is reminiscent of an earlier period in our own Western history when all secular knowledge fell under similar prohibitions. One can almost hear St. Augustine saying "*Deum et animam scire cupio. Nihilne plus? Nihilne omnino.*" On this in general one need only underscore Kinsey's own comment that: "We do not believe that the happiness of individual men, and the good of the total social organization, is ever furthered by the perpetuation of ignorance."

The effect of ignorance upon young people and their parents, especially the failure to recognize the sexual capacities of teen-agers, has given the laws an unrealistic cast. Kinsey dramatizes the point both by his statistics and by his remark that some of the great lovers of legend and literature—Paris and Helen, Daphnis and Chloe, Abelard and Héloise, Tristram and Isolde, and Romeo and Juliet—would be looked upon as juvenile delinquents in our contemporary society. As a matter of fact, taking all ages into consideration, the proportion of the population which is sexually mature but unmarried reaches the startling figure of almost forty per cent. The implications of this fact are fairly easy to perceive. The sex problems of the unmarried, of course, are apt to be severe at any age at which the capacity for experience is unimpaired.

But the sex problems of the married can be no less aggravating. And again it seems preposterous to maintain that ignorance is better than knowledge. Kinsey's conclusions here are both clear and helpful. The truth of the matter is that the female's sexual interest rises to its peak somewhat later than the male's, but on the other hand it remains on a high plateau for a considerably longer period. This discovery could conceivably turn out to be one of the more important of the findings, and one most closely related to marital happiness.

We have said that Kinsey is never excited, never raises his voice, and preserves throughout the detachment which his subject so clearly requires. There is one exception to this observation. Kinsey cannot conceal his impatience with the archaic character of the laws governing sexual behavior.

"In many instances," he says, "the law, in the course of punishing the offender, does more damage to more persons than was ever done by the individual in his illicit sexual activity." This, surely, is an arguable proposition. One has the feeling nevertheless that Kinsey is right and that we all ought to greet journalistic accounts of sex crimes with a little more sense and skepticism than has been our custom. Their substantive bearing on the health and welfare of the community may possibly be less than we have traditionally supposed.

One of the principal lessons of the Kinsey studies seems so far to be largely unstressed. Whether we consider the entire animal kingdom, or only the human part of it, the sheer power of the sexual drive must instill a sense of awe in the reflective mind. Attend, for example, to the following, from Kinsey: "There is no evidence that it is possible for any male who is adolescent, and not physically incapacitated, to get along without some kind of regular outlet until old age finally reduces his responsiveness." Attend again, in another era, to Plato. In the beginning of the *Republic* Cephalus is asked by Socrates how it feels to arrive at the threshold of old age. Cephalus, invoking Sophocles on the decline of the sex impulse, replies that he is glad to have escaped this thing, this "mad and furious master." Indeed, Cephalus now enjoys the repose that has come to him since the passions have relaxed their hold. When one reflects on this, from Kinsey back to Socrates, then one wonders not that there are deviations from the sexual codes of all societies but that there is ever any conformity. One wonders not that there are deviations from a code but how there can be a code to deviate from.

And here we arrive at one of the most fascinating of the implications of Kinsey's reports. Somehow, some time, society had to take sex into account, to construct a code of sexual activity, to write prescriptions and proscriptions on sexual conduct. No one knows exactly how this happened and no one can trace its history. Whenever people live in groups, as incidentally they always do, whether in roving bands or in settled communities, something has to be done about this most powerful of biological forces, the force that perpetuates the race on the one hand and devastates personal relations on the other. The interesting thing is that it was somehow accomplished. Codes were constructed and observed; the *mores* brought this imperious drive under at least a semblance of control. This is not only a sociological phenomenon; it is a sociological miracle. Kinsey of course does not explain it. He is busy with other concerns. But now an old problem is even more insistently posed.

For a final comment we return to an earlier remark. If the Kinsey studies fall short of greatness it is ultimately because, so far at least, they present no theory of human behavior or even of sexual conduct. They are devoid of hypotheses. The facts of sexual behavior in the human male and female are now collected with competence and care for large sectors and classes of this country. But this, so far, exhausts the author's purposes. The studies are outstanding examples of discovery, description, and classification. But taxonomy, unfortunately, is not theory and taxonomy is not sociology. Who now will explain these facts, who analyze their implications? If we have previously complimented Kinsey for sticking to his last we now perversely criticize him for the same reason. To the larger tasks that remain we hope that Kinsey himself will turn his attention in his succeeding volumes.

If *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* is a long parade of excellent statistics, they are nevertheless still statistics. Like the little black and white figures that march across the page in the best of the pictorial graphs, they can tell a story in exemplary, if summary, fashion. But they are all two-dimentional. In *The Second Sex* by Simone de Beauvoir (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1953. $10) we have a book of a very different kind. Here the two dimensions turn into three, the black and white become a full-color treatment. Mlle. de Beauvoir is dealing not with females but with women, not only with acts but also with attitudes, not only with sex but also with philosophy. She is interested in sex as outlet and activity but even more in sex as miracle and mystery.

The two books differ in another respect. If there is no thesis in Kinsey's pages, Mlle. de Beauvoir has a thesis she never permits the reader to forget. She insists throughout that it is degrading to be a woman. The long line of statistics, in short, is now replaced by a long litany of lamentations, a full catalogue of complaints. For over seven hundred pages the author sustains a seething indignation over the relative position of the sexes. With a bitterness which feeds upon all the resources of an extensive scholarship she resents the fact that woman is not the first but only the second sex. Woman is vassal, slave, receptacle, utensil. She is conquered, subdued, vanquished, in sexual encounter as in life. Man takes, woman gives. Man acts, woman waits. ("Motionless, the egg waits; in contrast the sperm—free, slender, agile—typifies the impatience and the restlessness of existence.")

The traveller belongs to the One at home, to the Other abroad. Woman is always in this sense abroad and never at home, always destined to wander in the world of men and never in one of her own. There is no genuine duality in the two sexes. Woman is always the Other, never the One; she is condemned to an eternal alterity. This is her fate. This she accepts. "To decline to be the Other, to refuse to be a party to the deal—this would be for women to renounce all the advantages conferred upon them by their alliance with the superior caste."

Dislike this situation as she must, Mlle. de Beauvoir recognizes nevertheless that there is almost universal historical warrant for it. The juxtaposition of most groups in human societies changes through time; not so the position of women *vis à vis* men. "Throughout history they have always been subordinated to men, and hence their dependency is not the result of a historical event or a social change—it was not something that *occurred*." The otherness of women "lacks the contingent or incidental nature of historical facts." Women differ from other disprivileged groups, like American Negroes, Ghetto Jews, the proletariat, and so on in that they have no past, no history, no tradition, no religion of their own, and no sense of community. Unfortunately, "the division of the sexes is a biological fact, not an event in human history." It is a biological fact, however, which does not—or should not—fix upon women an inevitable destiny of inferiority.

The inferiority stems from historical circumstances and from ancient tradition. Aristotle maintained that "The female is a female by virtue of a certain *lack* of qualities," and attributed to her a "natural defectiveness." The fathers of the Church, following Paul, all had derogatory comments about women. Tertullian referred to them as "the devil's doorway," and John Chrysostom asserted that, "Among all savage beasts none is found so harmful as woman." St. Thomas, following Aristotle in this as in other things, declared that woman was "an imperfect man" and "an incidental being." Indeed, the Christian view of women in general and sex in particular is exceedingly dim. It is not the least of the author's insights to have noticed that Christianity, which condemns its God to an ignominious death, protects him nevertheless from a carnal origin.

Mlle. de Beauvoir sustains her single thesis throughout, but she approaches it from various directions. In the French edition of 1949 there were two volumes which make up the two parts of the present, and exceptionally lucid, translation by H. M. Parshley: (1) Facts and Myths, and (2) Woman's Life Today. The author begins with the data of biology, data which apparently teach her that the female is the victim of the species, incapable of taking sexual initiative, unable to force copulation upon the male, and yet subservient to maternity. The female, in the discharge of her biological duty, is first violated and then alienated, the latter because she contains something that is other than herself; the male on the other hand recovers his individuality immediately and intact. The species demands abdication of subjectivity and individuality on the part of the female; it makes no such demand upon the male. On this point, however, the author is not entirely consistent because later on we find her saying that while the ejaculation is a promise of death, the assertion of the species against the individual, the woman survives the man's embrace and in surviving escapes him, becomes again a stranger ready to be repossessed. As she herself remarks in another connection, there is a certain ambiguity in the carnal situation.

It is impossible, of course, to follow the author's argument in detail. From biology she turns to psychoanalysis and then to historical materialism. She says that psychoanalysis, like all religions, "displays an embarrassing flexibility on a basis of rigid concepts," and she rejects the psychoanalytic assumption that alienation is feminine while transcendence is masculine. She remarks with a kind of half sneer that some of the theories in this department may be projections of the psychoanalysts' own ancestral terrors.

Her next task is to trace the fate of women in various societies through time from the early nomadic peoples. These historical sketches are rapid and necessarily superficial, and they were written without the benefit of Sidney Ditzion's splendid recent survey of the American scene (*Marriage, Morals, and Sex in America*, New York: Bookman Associates, 1953. $4.50), but they contain some of the most acute observations in the book. Mlle. de Beauvoir believes, for example, that the exclusion of women from warfare contributed to their inferiority of station: "For it is not in giving life but in risking life that man is raised above the animal; that is why superiority has been accorded in humanity not to the sex that brings forth but to that which kills." This is one of the keys to the mystery; life itself serves no purpose but repetition in the female; it is the male in whom life exists. Man controls the instant; woman surrenders to it. This, at least, is the existentialist conclusion.

There are other lessons to be derived from history even if, throughout, it is a threnody of female inferiority. Feminine history is made by men. An occasional woman has revolted against her station, and women have sometimes rebelled in concert, but success has been sporadic and then only when it has pleased men to permit it. Indeed, even female heroines are "oddities" who, like Joan of Arc, are "notable less for the importance of their acts than for the singularity of their fates." Men have made the *mores*, they have created the religions and philosophies of the world, and women seem destined to remain forever on the margins of history. They are marginal people.

What history discloses, so also does myth suppose. And consequently, in a succeeding section, we are treated to a display of mythological erudition which again sustains the disgraceful story. Whether as nymph, dryad, siren, undine, fairy, sorceress, sibyl, prophetess, vampire, or witch, woman is dangerous prey and creature of mystery. Ishtar, Astarte, and Cybele were cruel, capricious, and powerful, but the mother of God in Christianity kneels before him and accepts her inferiority. Thus the cult of the Virgin is the supreme masculine victory. Moving from myth and religion to literature, Mlle. de Beauvoir concludes the first half of her book by discussing with great sensitivity and acumen the "myth" of women in five authors—Montherlant, D. H. Lawrence, Claudel, Breton, and Stendhal. In her summary she confesses that the greatest myth of all is that woman is a mystery. If she is a mystery to man that is no reason to assume that she is mysterious in her own essence. "If man fails to discover that secret essence of femininity, it is simply because it does not exist. Kept on the fringe of the world, woman cannot be objectively defined through this world, and her mystery conceals nothing but emptiness." It is significant, on the other hand, that there is no such thing as a masculine mystery. Men are not mysterious. The explanation is easy: only slaves, not masters, are ever mysterious.

In the second part of a somewhat curiously organized book Mlle. de Beauvoir turns to woman's life today. With the help of case histories drawn from life and from literature she discusses a variety of stages in a feminine career. First, of course, there is the child, and then the young girl, the married woman, the mother, and so on to the aged woman. Along the way the lesbian, the prostitute, the narcissist, the mystic, the woman in love, and finally the independent woman receive their share of attention. In some of these discussions the author is perhaps overly clinical and too fond of pathological detail. Some of her comments are startling and perhaps even a little vicious. Maternity, for example, she says is "usually a strange mixture of narcissism, altruism, idle daydreaming, sincerity, bad faith, devotion, and cynicism." The infant in our society is exposed to "great danger" due to the fact that its mother is frequently a discontented woman: "sexually she is frigid or unsatisfied; socially she feels herself inferior to man; she has no independent grasp on the world or on the future." Indeed, "one is frightened at the thought that defenseless infants are abandoned to her care." Once more, as in all these pages, the eternal theme recurs, and receives final statement in a comment that "to be a woman, if not a defect, is at least a peculiarity."

What shall we say about this book? First of all we have to mark the author's merits. Mlle. de Beauvoir is an extraordinary—and an extraordinarily brilliant—woman. One is frequently astounded and steadily impressed by her erudition. She is also profound. Her perceptions, some of which are quoted above, have an impact which dislodges thought from its customary patterns and turns it into new directions. She has a penchant for paradox. About prostitutes, for example, she says that, "Of all women they are the most submissive to the male, and yet more able to escape him." And, as another example, "Man has succeeded in enslaving woman; but in the same degree he has deprived her of what made her possession desirable." If one were to adopt a similar method in review it would be possible to note that there is scarcely any feminine affliction upon which Mlle. de Beauvoir does not dwell with fondness, turning it over and over, relishing it, claiming it for woman's own. Does she not in this way, by apophasis, suggest the superiority of women, on the ground of their greater subjugation?

Audacious and subtle as our author often is, she is also, as mentioned above, overly-clinical, repetitious, sometimes inconsistent, and even, at moments, bizarre. A deep and driving melancholy pervades her pages. Life and its processes oppress her. Menarche, defloration, parturition, and menopause—all these submerge the woman in the pullulation of the race and rob her of her existence as a person. We should not quite like to dismiss this as nonsense. But we should like to suggest that it has little to do with woman's sex as such. It involves instead the inexorable and irreversible passage of time, time which is the enemy of everything that lives. A birthday, a New Year's Day, the tearing of a leaf off the calendar, the beating of a metronome, the ticking of a clock, these too, because they measure this passage, can have the same depressing consequences although they are clearly unrelated to the question of sex. They relate instead to existence.

We should not deny to an existentialist a proper concern with the problem of existence. Indeed, Mlle. de Beauvoir is preoccupied throughout with what woman *is*, with her essence, her being, her quiddity. Her conclusion, of course, is a melancholy one but one nevertheless which fits an existentialist mood. If Sartre insists, in *L'Etre et le Néant*, that "man is a useless passion," his feminine friend is now merely seconding the motion. She knows furthermore—and this is her first and final irritation—that she is the seconder and not the mover, that men do not find it necessary to write books about men, and that even she belongs to the second sex. Possibly irreverence can medicate her mood. We may remind her that if women are the second sex they may also be, as Nietzsche once remarked, God's second mistake.

The difference between Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex* and Mirra Komarovsky's *Women in the Modern World* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1953. $4) is the difference between the *Journal of Philosophy* and the *Woman's Home Companion*, and it is hardly fair to review them in the same place. *Women in the Modern World* would appear to be addressed to the alumnæ groups and women's clubs which the late Helen Hokinson caricatured with such genuine affection. Miss Komarovsky is eager to find the kind of education for women which will help them to Cope with Life, to Use Fruitfully their Leisure Time, and to Carry on the Task of Making a Better World. She permits herself such simplicities as, "Everything we know and believe today about the development of the child points to the importance of mother-child relations." And she is as full of exhortations as a backwoods preacher: "Irresponsible parenthood must be attacked directly, through better parent education, better mental health, closer co-operation between parents and teachers"; "All housewives must strive to provide nourishing meals and a comfortable home for their families"; and "A society must take a stand on certain essentials."

Miss Komarovsky's ammunition may be light, but it is frequently aimed in the right direction. She is most convincing when she attacks "neoantifeminists," writers who believe that education for women should be a different kind of a thing from education for men. Such writers like to quote recent graduates who say, for example, "I have come to realize that I was educated to be a successful man and now must learn by myself how to be a successful woman." Observations like these are used to support a college curriculum devoted to domestic science and home economics and a contention that there can be as much "culture" in the kitchen as there is in the library. Miss Komarovsky will have nothing to do with this point of view. The notion that the "theory and preparation of a well marinated shish kebab" is as important as a course on neo-Kantian philosophy properly appals her.

Indeed, her entire book is an effort, a little breathless at times and a little desperate at other times, to find a middle way between those who would permit no similarities between women's education and men's and those who would permit no differences. For this she will doubtless suffer the fate of the compromiser. The newer antifeminists, men and women alike, will dismiss her as a traditionalist; the scholar, on the other hand, will be horrified by her references to "real life situations," "education for citizenship," and something called "modern living."

Ashley Montagu's book, *The Natural Superiority of Women* (New York: Macmillan, 1953), is an elaboration of an article originally published in *The Saturday Review*. Lively enough in that place, the article tends to be only tedious when stretched out to almost 200 pages. Mr. Montagu believes, as his title indicates, that the female of the species is superior to the male. "Superiority" is the word but almost any word will do so long as it exalts the female and deprecates the male. In any event, the discussion goes on at quite unnecessary length and if the expression "acute boredom" is not an oxymoron it will serve to characterize at least one response to it.

No one would wish to deny that in terms of certain indices of a biometric kind women are in a sense and on the average more "favorably" situated than men. If morbidity and mortality statistics, for example, can serve as indices of superiority, then it must indeed be conceded that females are superior. At almost every age of life more males than females die of almost every disease. This is a fact which no one can dispute in any country for which statistics are available and reliable. Just how it can be utilized as evidence of superiority in general, however, is not altogether clear. Again, there is no doubt (with certain unmentioned exceptions like, for example, the Hutterite religious group in Canada and the United States) that life expectancy at birth for females is something like five and a half years greater than it is for males. Even more startling, as life expectancy at birth increases for human beings in general, as it has during the last half century, females gain relatively more than males. At the turn of the century, for example, the disparity between the sexes was around three years as compared with the indicated five and a half at the present time. But again, just what kind of superiority vital statistics like these are supposed to prove is not clear.

Mr. Montagu knows of course that his argument depends almost exclusively upon an acceptable definition of superiority. He accordingly supplies one as follows: "Superiority in any trait, whether biological or social, is measured by the extent to which that trait confers survival benefits upon the person and the group." Mr. Montagu is entitled to his definition, but one may perhaps be permitted to suggest that on precisely the same ground one could argue the natural superiority of elephants.

On other than biometric matters the author's claims are supported by little or no evidence. Consider for example the notion that women are more sensitive to beauty than men are and that in literature this beauty is "a beauty of a more loving, a more peaceful, and a more human kind than, on the whole, characterizes the work of male writers." Or consider the following assertion, similarly unsupported: "Women's intuition, as everyone knows, is a very real faculty which most women possess in a form far more highly developed than anything the random male ever acquires." Some of the many propositions of this genre perhaps require no evidence because they have so little meaning; as, for example, "Almost everyone will agree that there have been more geniuses for being human among women than there have been among men." It is interesting to observe throughout the author's dependence upon such expressions as "almost everyone will agree" and especially "on the whole," the latter of which would appear to be his defense against the charge of dogmatism. The author has an uncontested right to his opinions, but it is a little disingenuous to present them as facts.

Mr. Montagu's debating technique is unbeatable—heads, women win; tails, men lose. Have men achieved more than women in art, science, religion, politics, and philosophy? This is probably true and may even continue to be true in the future. But the explanation is simple. By achievement in these respects men are overcompensating for their biological inferiority and especially for their inability to have babies. Are women bad drivers of automobiles? The statistics here are pretty cloudy but if they do support an affirmative answer it is because women are taught to drive by men.

On one of his points the technique is somewhat varied. Are men's brains on the average larger than women's? The answer is clearly in the affirmative. But this, says the author, is wholly irrelevant. Within gross limits there is no correlation between brain size and intelligence. This is a satisfactory statement of the case and one is glad to have it emphasized. But it does not satisfy Mr. Montagu. After firmly announcing the irrelevance of brain size he goes on to show that, in proportion to total body weight the average female brain is actually heavier than the male. This too is characteristic of his technique. The only trouble with it is that it is apt to irritate the reader, and indeed the author tends to take a degree of pride in his ability to irritate. To this talent he adds a patronizing air as when he says, for example, "Certainly, the American husband is a great help around the house, and he's a fine fellow."

Finally, Mr. Montagu's book is a little too wholesome. It is all very well to want to make a better world but a sentimental approach is hardly commensurate with so staggering a problem. In passages toward the end the author succumbs to insipidity and permits himself such comments as, "What the world stands so much in need of at the present time, and what it will continue to need if it is to endure and increase in happiness, is more of the maternal spirit and less of the masculine. We need more givers of life, and fewer takers of it. We need more persons who will love and less who will hate." A little of this sort of saccharinity may perhaps be tolerated, but it quickly induces nausea. Like Miss Komarovsky, Montagu cannot resist an exhortation. Men "must" be kind to their wives, they "must" understand the importance of cooperation, marriage "must" be based on mutual respect, and men and women "must" become partners in the enterprise of making a democratic world.

Rebuttal of all this would really be inappropriate. What we have here, as is surely abundantly clear, is not a treatise but a sermon. Mr. Montagu preaches with fervor but his success is problematic. There are opposing preachers too and for many in the audience the question of the natural superiority of one or the other of the sexes will seem not genuinely relevant to the condition of society.

DILEMMAS OF DEVELOPMENT

Approaches to Community Development. Edited by Phillips Ruopp. V. van Hoeve, 1953. 9.50fl.

The Economic Impact on Under Developed Societies. S. Herbert Frankel. Harvard University Press, 1953. $3.25.

Looking out over the sparse dry savannah country which comprises the Northern Territories of the Gold Coast, a government agent asked, "What can you do with this land?" Pointing to the tiny mud villages where the people lived together with their few livestock, he wondered if you can force people to help themselves; force them to be freed from their own handicaps.

Americans have had little to do with such questions in the past. With a rarely-shaken faith in the future, and with a cultural tradition which it is impossible to separate from an industrial technology, we are in a poor position to understand problems of this sort. We assume all men want to develop their resources, to learn new (and presumably better) forms of social activity, in order to increase their range of choice and alternative. Yet in our practice of giving aid, both monetary and technical, we have been brought up against some hard facts. Our gifts are often viewed by the very people to be benefited as efforts to buy their souls. Our knowledge, even in technical matters, is sometimes spurned, regarded with distrust, or met with apathy. People are strongly attached to their own cultural traditions, hewn out of their experience in the grim fight for survival. Our culture, which we have offered to the world as part of our moral leadership, appears less attractive to others than to ourselves.

Perhaps our expectations regarding human behavior in underdeveloped areas are still governed by old notions of "economic man," even though we may recognize their limitations when dealing with social behavior in our own environment. Too often aid is offered on the presumption that people will respond as "lightning calculators of pleasure and pain," perceiving benefits "objectively," and acting on the basis of "rational" or enlightened self-interest. We have found, often to our sorrow, that this is not necessarily the case. Man may be a lightning calculator all right, but how he will calculate and what his criteria for action will be are difficult to predict. The main problem of development is to inculcate the desire for stable economic growth and social change with a high degree of public participation. One dilemma of development is to achieve such a program without causing wide-scale disruption on the one hand, or having to drag an apathetic population into an alien venture on the other.

Two recent volumes have something to say on these matters. The first, a rather uneven collection of essays by a variety of experts deals with four "approaches" to community development. It combines treatment of sociological, economic, educational, and regional factors in development, all in one volume. Its organization is far more coherent than its materials, however, and the reader is left with little impression of how these various factors, taken together, are related in the developmental process.

The second volume, by S. H. Frankel, Professor of Colonial Economics at Oxford and an outstanding authority on Africa, is a collection of his speeches and essays. In this respect the volume is not a systematic treatment of the materials with which it deals. Professor Frankel feels strongly that present economic thought about underdeveloped territories leaves much to be desired. The concepts which are often a key to economic analysis in western areas may not be appropriate elsewhere. For example, problems of national income calculation require different notions of value assessment in underdeveloped regions than is customary for industrial areas. Frankel holds that in order to utilize economic theory effectively in nonwestern settings, the noneconomic factors of economic development must be given more attention. He cites persuasively the Kongwa Experiment in Africa, in which millions of acres in Tanganyika and millions of pounds sterling supplied with great enthusiasm by the British government, were to bring forth groundnuts from the earth. The sparseness of the population and the lack of manpower were considered advantages by the framers of the scheme since extensive vacant areas were thereby made available for large-scale mechanized agricultural processes. As Frankel says, "What [was] remarkable [was] the extraordinary assumption that mechanization, to be successful, must be total—that it must have as its objective the maximum elimination of man himself as co-worker."

If man is to be a co-worker he must be equipped to handle the machines. In underdeveloped areas such manpower is hard to find, and the obstacles to creating a trained labor force are enormous where indigenous technology is comparatively crude. As an alternative to what have proved to be colossal failures, Frankel proposes more localized efforts involving the simultaneous training, teaching, feeding, and inspiring of people in underdeveloped areas. Governments and statisticians tend to think in terms of aggregates, and their policies are dictated by concepts relating, for instance, to national income. Frankel feels that in considering noneconomic factors in economic development we become more aware of the "real" problems which investment and development are to face in order to be successful. Once we see the "real" problems, we must handle them on a small scale so that one factor, say capital investment, is not out of proportion to another, say labor supply.

Professor Frankel has a deep appreciation of the complexity of social organization among nonwestern peoples, and recognizes that effective economic policy in underdeveloped areas can not be determined solely by the dictates of western experience. Rather, he says, "We have to examine the problems of capital investment and accumulation, and the role of capital itself, in more basic, and indeed more 'human' terms. . . . There is little one can take for granted." Frankel's volume is often repetitious, and sometimes even contradictory, as in his first essay where he speaks of social change as a process of organic growth while denying the crudely naturalistic implications of this notion. But he points out clearly that desirable economic change, far from being the sole consequence of economic variables, requires favorable social conditions if it is to proceed within normal patterns of stability and growth. His position is by no means new. Its implications, however, as he presents them, indicate the advantages of the small operation as against the large, the private as against the public undertaking, and the personal rather than the social engineering approach.

Approaches to Community Development, even though bringing together in one volume the experiences and comments of a great many experts on development does little to answer some of the crucial questions raised by Professor Frankel. Where he gives us some solid economic reasoning germane to his analysis, this volume is sentimental, on the whole, providing the community with some sort of "mystique" to be valued as a thing in itself. Neither community nor development are defined, although one author, in his essay, makes a valiant effort. He tells us that the "community is a social group in which the individual members have some shared values, attitudes and interests." One can be curious as to how this definition distinguishes the term "community" from any other membership group, or contrariwise, what a social group would be without some shared values, attitudes and interests.

The volume is introduced by its editor's somewhat pompous discussion of approaches to community development from a theoretical point of view, which is strangely out of touch with the rest of the contributions. With few exceptions, the essays themselves are undistinguished. A major exception is "Development of Peasant Agriculture," by W. H. Beckett, a former Gold Coast official, author of a modern classic in sociological literature on Africa, *Akokoaso, a Survey of a Gold Coast*

Village. Another useful essay, by Norman Hart, Executive Director of Community Development Projects, Ltd., briefly describes some of the current approaches in recent developmental efforts. Hart, in a second introduction, briefly catalogs governmental and nongovernmental approaches to development. The humanistic aspects of nongovernmental contributions, largely philanthropic, missionary, or foundation supported, are contrasted with the policy approaches of the Foreign Operations Administration of the United States and the United Nations Technical Assistance Administration. Again, while not explicitly stated it is implied that private, small-scale operations are superior in many ways to governmental programs. Officialdom and peoples of underdeveloped areas are often poor cooperators, and governmental aid programs are subject to all the mistrust that officialdom is heir to in underdeveloped areas.

The implication in this volume—as in Professor Frankel's—is that the large-scale governmental venture, pushing people around, forcing them to be free, is hopeless: it endangers the entire fabric of tradition and social organization. It sets new groups against old, youth against age, and causes dislocation, human suffering, and the failure of the developmental schemes. Both these books point to the moral of making haste slowly, and the dangers of governmental programs. Yet there are real difficulties inherent in this position, even though we grant the points raised in favor of localized efforts.

First of all, there is the assumption that dislocation has not already occurred in most of the underdeveloped territories of the world. Often apathy is taken for integration. The chances for development may be small where a high degree of public dislocation exists, but equally small where a population is hostile to outside intervention and wishes only to be left alone. One can even argue that partial social disequilibrium is a prerequisite to development since it sharpens a people's awareness of new things, new objectives, and new ways of belief.

Second, there is an assumption that local, small-scale development is necessarily more elastic, or more responsive to public requirements and demands than governmental projects of wider and more ambitious scope. Yet experience indicates that where the former process has been initiated, social disturbances have also resulted, unless battened down firmly by the government. In different ways both South Africa and the Belgian Congo have demonstrated this. Where restrictive political practices are not employed with such "efficiency," social disorganization is often more tumultuous and disorderly, with people more susceptible to extremist political doctrines.

This situation may result from the failure of a third, and corollary assumption, that the small-scale project will allow peaceful adaptation of the traditional forms of social organization. Yet again and again, where local efforts occur involving education, more political freedom, new products, western movies and the like, a kind of accelerator principle takes over in developmental affairs. The growth of dissatisfaction speedily outstrips the means of satisfaction. The disruptive effects of wide-scale migration to towns, of broken families, of repudiation of traditional ways of life all seem to be immediate consequences of successful development regardless of how much effort is concentrated on the small locality or community. In these respects Professor Frankel still seems governed by "automatic" considerations which, although not limiting them to economic factors, he feels can operate benevolently in human affairs. By adding sociological elements to his analysis he seems to affirm a notion of "sociological man" adjusting to new problems by a constant process of local adaptation. Equally, our community development volume adheres to this notion by stressing the importance of personal leadership and participation of community members in developmental programs.

Yet the guides to policy hinted at here still seem to leave the larger questions unanswered. If it is true that the private, human-oriented approach is crucial to successful social change, it is also true that fundamental cleavages and wide-scale disorganization are postponed by a purely local approach rather than avoided. In this regard, there are distinct advantages to governmental planning, the enforcement of over-all developmental priorities, and the evaluation of requirements for segments of the population in large territorial areas. The kind of balance which can be struck between local and private developmental efforts, and large-scale governmental assistance represents another major dilemma for development today. How can it be met? Frankel hints at one possibility when he states eloquently a thought which can apply to all underdeveloped areas:

> This Africa is indeed a continent with a life, a reality, and a spirit of its own—if we would but pause to catch its rhythm—drowned as it all too often is, by the tumult of the modern world; by the lack of patience of those greedy for immediate gain, and by the ignorance of those unaware of the pace of Africa. For Africa has also a tempo of its own; those who would build a supple, living, all-embracing civilization in this continent must hasten slowly and realize that the way is long, through parched land and thick scrub; and that guidance from the past is hard to come by, and cannot be read by those who run, but must be unearthed patiently: not only with the aid of the physical but also of the human sciences.

David Apter
Center of International Studies
Princeton University

PILGRIMS OF WAR AND PEACE

The Human Kind. Alexander Baron. Ives Washburn, 1953. $2.75.

Maud Martha. Gwendolyn Brooks. Harper and Brothers, 1953. $2.50.

The Hive. Camilo José Cela. Farrar, Straus and Young, 1953. $3.50.

The Closed Harbor. James Hanley. Horizon Press, 1953. $3.550.

The Quest. Elisabeth Langgasser. Alfred A. Knopf, 1953. $4.

The Violent Wedding. Robert Lowry. Doubleday & Co., 1953. $3.

The Bridges at Toko-ri. James Michener. Random House, 1953. $2.50.

Some Faces in the Crowd. Budd Schulberg. Random House, 1953. $3.

The Sleeping Beauty. Elizabeth Taylor. The Viking Press, 1953. $3.

The Palm-Wine Drinkard. Amos Tutuola. Grove Press, 1953. $2.75.

Nobody Say a Word and other stories. Mark Van Doren. Henry Holt & Co., 1953. $3.50.

Cress Delehanty. Jessamyn West. Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1954. $3.75.

They go at it in a dozen different ways, seeking to evoke truth through fiction; to create stories which will show the reader the world as it really it. They prove only that the mansion they work in has many rooms. The label "Fiction" is broad enough to hold extremes: an African's bizarre, primitive, and provocative search for his wine supplier, and a German lady's bizarre, refined, and plodding way toward renewed religious faith.

The books before us may be divided in several superficial ways. Six are by Americans; seven are novels; eight are by men. Most are worth reading; perhaps half have segments worth remembering; two are outstanding, two are boring, while the others are in the great middleland of books born to linger and peacefully fade.

What does fiction which is worth earnest consideration attempt? After reviewing this dozen, we may conclude that current fiction, if it deals with people and activities we can accept as credible, is concerned with the shifting values of men in a shifting society. This shifting may make it harder for today's earnest fictioneer to "fix" his people, as he might a photograph, capturing their essence on a page, than it was for yesterday's writer. Society and individuals are in too great a flux. It is harder for the live people themselves, in unfictionized life, to "fix" themselves, in the wavering but entangling complexities of our society.

The emphasis in these books, it is important to note, is on the place of man—not on the place or function of society. There is little examination, in them, of social, human wrongs or problems as a fault or condition of society. These books accept their societies. This absence of man treated as a social (state) creature is conspicuous, since it is just that problem, at base, that affects so much of our domestic and international relationships. We are, apparently, safer sticking to action, or to man's concern with himself and his own deeds. Stories are presented; they do not point.

With the continuing shiftings, in modern civilization, of individuals as related to societies, we have lost some of our old keys of communication that helped make previous artists' tasks somewhat easier. These books attend to the individual almost without regard to society as a participant in his actions. They question the individual's motives, but rarely society's. (The individual, forceless, can not strike back; society has "massive retaliation.")

In this batch of fiction, however obliquely, today's age can be seen—not the great outline of society as perceivable in older work—but the individual, roaming lost, not always coming to his senses as he feels the fateful sadness of the world.

Ironically, perhaps fittingly, closest to presenting a full view is Cela's *The Hive*, written of people under dictatorship, and stopping obviously tip-of-the-tongue short of asking improper questions. The other books, however, do not look far or deeply, outside the box of action, to see what questions might either be presented or answered, and what actions explained or spotlighted, by examining or poking society as well.

Our frame of reference is uncertain, except for an historic fact, and a course of action that we are aware of even if, after constant exposure, we don't understand it—war, and violence. We live surrounded by newly-concentrated violence, the world cradled in fear of violent ending. Half these books hold some relationship to war. Disturbing in them is not their attention to war as such, but their carry-over of an attitude of violence, as both end and means demanding more belief and requiring less explanation than other actions. War and violence provide the fictional key today that has been provided in other cultures and times by religious faith, nationalism, race, creed. They seem to be our shorthand guide to common understanding today.

We have, with science, come to know more about both material and people. Paradoxically, as more that is scientific is known about man, the harder it appears for the storyteller to reach a suitable agreement with his characters sufficient to win his audience's acceptance. Our increased knowledge does not enforce increased art; our tools may be sharpened, but our emotions, our intuitions, may be dulled.

The "good" stories stir the reader. Finished, he has been through an enjoyable experience, he has participated in it, been moved by it; it has given him a greater understanding, perhaps of others, perhaps of himself. Miss West's fiction does that, and Hanley's; Baron's and Van Doren's, in shorter stretches.

These writers touch, with open feeling, the problem: how is man to live; not merely narrating a story to amuse us or pass time, but awakening recognition that we are kin to unknown folk. Most of the other writers have considerable technical ability, and, with that, strong plots and situations. But without the molding influence of compassion the stories mean little. There is a key: compassion, without sentimentality.

The two most successful books, Miss West's and Mr. Hanley's, far apart in treatment, tone and story, have not only their compassion in common, but their emphasis: the spotlight is on an unsure individual; and not his adventures alone, but his uncertainty and bewilderment.

One is of a California girl's maturing, as she is helped into lonely understanding by the people about her, humbled from arrogance; the other, of a foundered French sea captain's deterioration, as he is pushed downward by the people about him. Miss West's is a friendly book, full of humor and insight. She smooths out, in the consistent treatment and steady growth of her characters, most of the bumps occasioned by her having divided this chronicle into 16 short stories, ranging from Cress Delehanty's ignorance at 12 to her gradual discoveries. The theme, of adolescent development, is familiar; the treatment is fresh.

Cress grows into society much as Hanley's Marius is pushed out of it —with others' help. At thirteen— "you don't know who you are then, or what you can do"—when "for the first time in her life, she saw her self through other eyes than her own"—her grandmother dies, and Cress does not sense her grandfather's reactions. At 16, she sits by his deathbed, and realizes suddenly her place in the procession of generations. She gains, in the various stories, perspectives of time and values and others' feelings, sometimes with pleasure, sometimes hurt. This is skillfully and tenderly shown.

"To most people, nothing at all 'happens.' . . . Most people merely live from day to day until they die." The story of another girl, Maud Martha, fits her own words, with no greater significance resulting. It is not enough that these many fractions of a sensitive, poor woman's experience, from childhood to second pregnancy, occur to a Negress in Chicago. Miss Brooks shows poetic ability at times in these scattered transcriptions, and keenness in describing her Maud Martha's twitchingly quiet reactions to the white world, on which her feelings are stubbed. But Maud Martha, and whatever values she could have as a fictional character, do not separate sufficiently from the author. The absence of a detached viewpoint, and such objective clarity as Miss West displays, in a work with a similar theme of growth, hurts the book.

With Mr. Hanley, we go all the way into the disintegrating nerve-centers of a soul. His Captain Marius, "like Lazarus, trying to rise," to get to sea, finds Marseilles a closed harbor, bounded: on one side by his mother, "something implacable" pressing him in efforts to redeem the family's pride, damaged because Marius survived a shipsinking in which the only other family male, his nephew, died; a possible employer, the "Heros" line, where he can get no hearing until two days after his last visit there; the would-be savior from whom Marius runs finally into a church with ship's shape, its roof open admitting the stars, where the captain gives up the ghost of sanity; and land, which "was only hell." The sea, freedom, is closed to Marius.

Two men know the depths: Marius, who tells the only person he thinks interested in him, a forgetful whore, "I'm not wanted by anybody. That's my trouble"; and the good dwarf Labiche, who in the midst of his saving efforts asks, "Am I wrong? Am I right? What is *really* just?" *The Closed Harbor* is warm and intense, bulky with meaning.

Another European book, *The Hive*, is an ambitious attempt to portray a society without coming to any conclusions that would raise a Spanish reader's eyes necessarily above the street and gutter. This essentially tragic story, damning more than its hungry poet hero, lacks the power it deserves to have had, both because of the author's circumspection and his technique of intermingling bits of scenes and scores of people in a few days of story.

Says his poet, seen first in a Madrid cafe during World War II, and, at the end, as he is sought for a murder he did not commit, "We intellectuals go on eating too little and doing our little duties in cafes. What can one do about it?" Cela does not in the book seek an answer. Says the poet, "There are truths one feels in one's body, such as hunger. . . ." Causes are not questioned, and effects are thus weakened. People's plights are made vivid, in a hit-and-run way, without the probing that would have rounded the characters, sharpened the story, and made it more lastingly meaningful.

Dealing with a far different European locale, Mrs. Taylor's novel, of some occasional wit and niceties with puffball substance, is appropriate for women tasters of books with sweets who like novels of legally-illicit but in-our-hearts-it's-correct middle-aged love; this, in a languishing British circle, in a tale with a somewhat unbelievable plot and an ending that is consistent in credibility with what has preceded.

Mrs. Taylor's story is literary dabbling; Mr. Tutuola's is a literary primitive. *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* —is it fiction or folklore?—tells of an African drinker with fabulous capacity, who goes to Deads' Town to find his dead tapster, the supplier of his palm-wine, and has many wondrous fantastic adventures on the way. This certainly illustrates how a West African with a little schooling in English can write in English, if he wants to write, not about West Africans, which would definitely make a novel, but about odd adventures in an odd fairyland.

All dream-like tales are not so unpolished, nor so interesting. *The Quest*, most fatiguing of this dozen, is a mystic religious German novel, written for people with faith rather than readers with curiosity. It deals with a pilgrimage of seven people to the "village of the resurrection" in postwar Germany. They, and everyone else, are concerned with the meaning of their lives, in their peculiar way, in language which is uniformly stilted because of origin or translation, full of classical allusion and one-sided dogmatic argument. The author's end crucifies her means. This 370-page proof of God's good intentions is for a special audience which may enjoy the assurance that the author's right will triumph, as certainly as the book will end.

Realistic, a topical story told in a topical way, a technically-accomplished report of one phase of the war, Mr. Michener's short novel is about "our boys" in Korea, and is a justification of that conflict. It stays on top of the ships, planes, and men. Mr. Michener's plumbing of motives, relating men to the war, does not go far beyond moralization. This story, of a reserve Navy pilot recalled to service, fated to die dirtily in Korea, displays the facility of war for current fiction.

Violence has been presented by Mr. Lowry in meaningful form in his previous fiction, which dealt with war. Here, in *The Violent Wedding*, he has sought to draw meaning from peacetime violence, and been overwhelmed by his story's own melodrama. War violence is senseless, but we understand and accept without too much proof wrenches of behavior resulting from it. We do not require the elaboration for credibility's sake that is demanded with other backgrounds. Free will and choice are often forsaken in war, we know; the implausible becomes possible.

It is part of the writer's function, when attempting to show the inevitability of tragic events, as Lowry here tries, to prove his pattern. Violence alone is not enough. The affair of the tired white artist Laine Brendan, who has herself willingly bedded but is finally raped by a Negro fighter, Baby James, her suicide in pregnancy and his consequent different behavior toward an opponent, demands more conviction than it is given. Mr. Lowry's characters are true neither to their lives nor the writer's symbolic conceptions. Telling a reader there are deeper meanings does not suffice. The writing itself, trying to keep up with the story's speed and backgrounds, at times becomes intrusively glib. Lowry on his first page, for instance, mentions a dozen characterless little individual towns named Jersey City and Newark and Passaic and Paterson."

At times bothered with plots as demanding as Mr. Lowry's, Mr. Van Doren's stories feel as if they had begun as exercises in writing; they show the impress of a good, deliberative mind, moving a problem from thought into words, chessplaying characters against a given situation. Sometimes the characters win, and live successfully—as in "The Facts about The Hyacinthes," in which a man rediscovers his fiancée by meeting her family—but a number are stunned by an unconquerable situation. Mr. Van Doren repeatedly conducts frosty souls through warming philosophic revelations of their problems; two of the better tales are "God Has No Wife," in which an older man by telling a childhood story tries to warn away his wife's suitor, and "The Brown Cup," in which the reflective hero, alone in the woods, is shot, mistaken for a stag.

In contrast to the restraint of Mr. Van Doren and Mr. Baron, examples of stories that go too far—often, by just a thought, a sentence—are offered by Mr. Schulberg. The writer so badly wants to make his point that it is overmade; the story, frequently a good one, is subordinated to the moral. With restraint, some of the tales are penetrating—"The One He Called Winnie," about a Negro maid who does not marry a white lover, as seen by her boy-ward, and "Third Nightcap, with Historical Footnotes," about a burned-out playwright. But in other tales, extravagance is unsupported by depth, and basically interesting stories do not involve the reader, whose feeling that neither these people nor tales happened or could happen is not overcome, even if the stories are based in truth.

The reminiscences of war which Mr. Baron records may be true or not; but they are good fiction, most of them, for they interpret with meaning people who live, hurt and are hurt. These are stories of people who do not understand one another, and of some who want to. We feel the anguish of noncommunication between men, sexes and nationalities; and the value, when it occurs, of understanding.

The stories, poignant even when humorous, of war's individual tragedies, bring Mr. Baron from his prewar teen-age innocence, when "life was inexhaustible and death was still beyond ken," to the outspoken question that rises from the other memorable work in these dozen books:

"For the first time I was confronted squarely with the question that, years later, I still cannot answer: how—how ought we to live?"

Asher Gerecht
Silver Spring, Maryland

Ezra in Exile

By Helmer O. Oleson

He flees his civerlizashun of nitwit and fathead
Like Peter Rabbit to a hole.
He hears the hounds at bay
Along the Via Appia Antica.

He enters the sack of Edmond Dantes.
He is flung over the ramparts.
He tries to find a way out.

Casanova
Escapes the Inquisitor's prison . . . he sits on a green bench
At Portofino.
He is Peter Simple.
He is the Man in the Iron Mask.

He joins Abelard
On a Kirmanshaw of cabbage leaves.
He reclines in needle-point carpet slippers
Meditating on
Awt, licherachoor, and culchur.

He passes the hat for Mr. Eliot.
He offers a cup of hemlock to Bill Williams.
There is a crossing
                    Of apes and worms and monkey tails.

He is companion to Nikoptis and Chloris.
He wears overalls to Thebes.
He fishes in the Nile for Crappies.
Xyxomma! Expatriate!

Helmer O. Oleson has been published in many magazines here and abroad. He is attached to the Criminal Court in New York City in the field of criminology.

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Letters - - - -

AMNESTY FOR RADICALS

Editors of the *Antioch Review:*

I write in order to comment on a passage in Professor Murray Hausknecht's article, "Confession and Return," in the Spring issue of your magazine.

Professor Hausknecht closes his article by commenting on the effort to gain amnesty for the Communist leaders presently jailed on the basis of convictions under the Smith Act. He writes:

"Amnesty is useful only when punishment is clearly self-defeating; when its disadvantages outweigh the advantages. Such a situation is rare when the behavior subject to punishment represents a direct challenge to the authority of the state. Thus those who were conscientious objectors on religious grounds were punished; those who objected on political grounds had to serve out their sentences. The latter apparently represent a greater threat than do religious objectors. If political CO's are viewed in this light it is visionary to expect any society to extend a 'general amnesty' to Communists."

I do not wish, within the limits of a letter, to discuss at length the point which Professor Hausknecht takes for granted—"the challenge to the authority of the state," except to indicate my disagreement with this and to remark at the wonder that "the state" waited until ten years after the passage of the Smith Act to indict Communists under it. If there was "danger" as such and that accounts for the punishment, how explain the ten-year delay? No, it was a deteriorating political situation, a developing reaction, which explains the indictment. Indeed, the indictments were hallmarks of that deterioration and harbingers of its intensification.

I do, however, want to make these points: 1) "general amnesty" has been granted in the past to Communists in many states of Europe and of Latin America. 2) amnesty has been granted to radicals in the United States (both by state and federal governments) frequently in the past, and this has included Socialists and Communists, notably Eugene V. Debs and Earl Browder. Indeed, all political prisoners of World War I were freed before the expiration of their prison sentences, and in 1937 President Roosevelt granted them a general amnesty for the purpose of restoring all their political and civil rights, and of reversing, legally, their earlier convictions.

Amnesty is not only a matter of expediency, as Professor Hausknecht makes it appear. It is also a matter of justice. The two can be related, of course, and if enough people believe in the justice of a particular amnesty campaign and let the government know it, then the expediency of the amnesty may become apparent to the government. This is what happened in the numerous instances of amnesty in American history and it is what can be made to happen again today. If enough people in the United States became convinced of the connection between the persecution and jailing of Communists and the general assault upon the Bill of Rights that confronts us today we could have an amnesty campaign that would lead Eisenhower to free Dennis, as in the past, Harding was forced to free Debs.

Herbert Aptheker

Editor's Note: It is clear, of course, as Mr. Aptheker says, that if enough people in the United States because convinced of a "connection between the persecution and jailing of Communists and the general assault upon the Bill of Rights that confronts us today we could have an amnesty campaign that would lead Eisenhower to free Dennis, as in the past, Harding was forced to free Debs." This seems unlikely, however, for a number of sound reasons. Not the least of these reasons are the political events promoted in the past ten years by the USSR, which Mr. Aptheker ignores; the fact that the Mr. Browder who was given amnesty by our federal government was the same Mr. Browder who was later read out of the Communist Party; the fact that the Communists can no longer be considered radicals but representatives of what has become the world's greatest orthodoxy.

ART, ART WRITING AND MR. WAGNER

Editors of *The Antioch Review:*

I was shocked by Geoffrey Wagner's article, "The New American Painting," in your spring number, but even more shocked by your publishing it. You must have been aware of the fact that it abounded in offensive personal remarks and imputations that had little to do with the nature of the kind of art supposedly under discussion.

To call Thomas Hess, Larry Campbell, and myself "hired hacks," and to charge me in particular with "prevarications dictated by the temper of the periodicals" in which I chance to appear, is libelous, and I marvel that

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you could not see that for yourselves. Or that Mr. Wagner's language was too abusive and intemperate in general, and that he ascribed mercenary motives too widely to the critics and artists he attacked, to warrant his own good faith. Didn't you think that terms and phrases such as "gang," "gorillas," "hustle," "like foam on the lips of . . . epileptic rhetoricians," "pseudo-highbrow clowns," "Angst-in-the-Pangst" were out of place, even as humor, in what purported to be an attempt "to restore balance and seriousness to the situation"?

Certainly you noticed that Mr. Wagner devoted most of his attention to art writers and rather little to art itself, and tried to dispose of the body of painting at issue by impugning the words and motives of those who have praised or defended or endeavored to explain it. I should not have expected you to catch his errors of fact, distortions, juggled direct quotations, and fabricated indirect ones; but ought not his parenthetical reference to "paint chemists" who "sometimes contend that the dropping of the third dimension in modern art is partially due to lack of knowledge of capable mediums," have raised a doubt in your minds as to his competence as a critic of painting? (His assumption that Harold Rosenberg's article on "action painting" in *Art News* a year ago was a brief for the "new American painting," rather than an attack by misrepresentation, leads me to doubt Mr. Wagner's competence—aside from his honesty, of which he is devoid in any case—as a reader too.)

However, it's not with Mr. Wagner's article as such, or himself, that I'm concerned so much as with your own editorial judgment and responsibility—especially in view of what one of you write under the rubric "Editors' Shop Talk." I am not sure I understand everything Mr. Champney said, but I did gather that he was troubled by the specialization of contemporary culture and wished, commendably, to restore as much of it as possible to the layman. Does he think, really, that Mr. Wagner's article accomplished any part of that task? And does he think that it can be done by mere verbal violence and scurrility, and that it justifies breaking the elementary rules of civil discourse? And that the layman himself has to make no greater effort than is required to read a piece of writing like Mr. Wagner's? Does Mr. Champney feel, moreover, that he is assuring culture's continuity with "common life" when he himself mixes up the antecedents of pronouns and prints phrases like "relate terminal exfoliation back to its roots in human needs"? I must say—without malice—that this kind of English helps me understand a little the lapse of editorial competence that made it possible for an article like Mr. Wagner's to appear in your pages.

CLEMENT GREENBERG

NEW PAINTING: OLD SONG AND DANCE

Editors of *The Antioch Review:*

Dr. Wagner's main point about The New American Painting is that there isn't any. It's all a big hoax put on by *Art News,* Henry Luce, *Look,* Sam Kootz, Clem Greenberg and me, aided by sundry gangsters and confidence men with brushes in their hands. This absence of the new art is also what the position of *Reality* and other critics of what I called "The American Action Painters" melts down to. At the same time that the nonexistence of this painting is trumpeted, there is shock and indignation at finding the nothing to be so lively and attractive.

It is at least seventy-five years since each manifestation of vanguard art has been branded a hoax at the hour of its appearance. The villains change —Apollinaire, Duchamp, Breton—but Form, Structure and Reality, eternal policemen of the Human, are always there to collar them.

An historian of science observed recently that since before Descartes custom has established two steps in the assassination of any new idea: 1) first, deride it as absurd and as in violation of the most rudimentary principles; 2) after it has battled its way into acceptance, insist there was never anything new about it but that it has been known and in operation for centuries. . . . Having waited too long—he should have sounded his alarm in 1947—Dr. Wagner tries to catch up by applying both these noble devices simultaneously.

The most amazing statement in his article is the following: "It is interesting to compare the artistic, with the literary, *avant-garde* in America today . . ." Having been accused by Dr. Wagner of humorlessness, I shall refrain from laughing. The literary *avant-garde*! Whom, in the name of Irving Babbitt, is Wagner talking about? The New Critics, *Partisan Review,* Truman Capote, *Discovery* 1,2,3,4? Or does he have in mind Gertrude Stein, William Carlos Williams, E. E. Cummings, Marianne Moore, Ezra Pound? He mentions James Joyce as, apparently, a genuine article, if you want something advanced. Is this the vanguard Wagner means? No, he said, "today." And Joyce and Stein are dead and the others have been writing for some long time. Besides, they were all given the same going over by the Wagners of yesteryear. Weren't Joyce and Stein branded as anti-humanist formless mess-makers by every Order And Beauty sheriff from Ilya Ehrenburg to the New York *Times*? Hasn't Miss Moore said recently that her poetry isn't poetry? No, Wagner can't mean them? Whom does he mean?

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Actually, the only creative movement in America in the past fifteen years has been in painting and sculpture, with some side effects in music. As a writer, I'm not happy about this, but it happens to be the case. Only one who recognizes the presence of this new vitality in contemporary art can speak pertinently of its problems, its future or of what he likes or doesn't like about it. (I humbly confess that this statement convicts me of the heresy of "vitalism" which basely puts the fact of a thing's being alive ahead of the idea of its being foul.)

As usual with strong movements, the present one in painting has carried along with it a lot of loose stuff. Dr. Wagner's article shows that he can't get this out of his eyes.

I dealt with the clogging of the drains by Modern Art in the last section of my "The American Action Painters" (*Art News*, December, 1952), which is one of Dr. Wagner's texts. It's the old song and dance for Dr. Wagner not to mention this criticism by the critic he criticizes.

Dr. Wagner says he is "trying to restore [?] balance and seriousness to the situation." He might begin by applying the Inner Check to his ill temper; after all, he is dealing with art and with artists and not, literally, with a "gang." But roughneckism aside, balance, new or restored, demands that he honor, if not his self-selected opponents, at least his readers with an honest account of his subject.

Here is a selection of "serious" misrepresentations:

1) Quotation to falsify my position: "Only the new is authentic [in the new painting]; Mr. Rosenberg says as much—'the only thing that counts for modern art is that a work shall be NEW.'" (Page 11).

The words of mine quoted are part of a sentence in the section referred to above which attacks Modern Art (in capitals) as an ideology standing in the way of appreciation of particular vanguard paintings (and, incidentally, setting up dead ducks for critics like Dr. Wagner to knock down). The whole sentence reads, "Since the only thing that counts for Modern Art [note the elimination of the capitals by Dr. Wagner] is that a work shall be NEW, and since the question of its newness is determined not by analysis but by social power and pedagogy, the vanguard painter functions in a milieu utterly indifferent to the content of his work."

Dr. Wagner's quotation is about as honest and accurate as if I quoted back his sentence and said, "See, Wagner has written, 'only the new is authentic.'" The meaning of my sentence is the exact opposite of that attributed to it: instead of identifying novelty with authenticity, it complains that *the notion of the new* is being used to push aside consideration of authenticity.

And, by the way, what are words like "analysis" and "content" doing in this "anti-intellectual" article of mine?

2) "The same attack on intellectualism can also be found in Lous Danz' recent *Dynamic Dissonance In Nature and the Arts*, a work eulogized by Mr. Rosenberg in *The Saturday Review*." (Page 9).

Quick, Danz, did you notice any "eulogy"? Or can it be that the Herr Doktor Wagner doesn't know how to read? For one thing Danz attacked both expressionism and cubism, which Wagner doesn't like either; for another, my review dismissed Danz as "a visionary who calls upon the reader to see what he sees, exactly as he sees it at any moment—and to want to see what he does not quite see." If this is eulogy, gentlemen. . . .

3) "Compare the expressed intelligence of Mr. Rosenberg [expressed, as I have shown, not by me but by Dr. Wagner] with that of his fellow teachers in the other arts at the New School." (Page 11)

This communicates or "expresses" that I teach art at the New School, and that this is a symptom of the low state of thought in painting as contrasted with the high state of, say, literature. The fact is, as could have been verified by looking at New School catalogues, that my courses at the New School have been on Whitman and Melville and on works by Tolstoy, Jules Romains, Thomas Mann, Kafka, Sartre, etc.

I have picked as samples of the distortions and falsifications Dr. Wagner uses to support his arguments only those pertaining to me. In the light of such practice, this scholar ought to ask himself what the Humanism he wields as a brickbat has to do with humanity or human values. More, I hope, than his Mind has to do with thinking or his Style has to do with writing.

Raising the political issue, no doubt to justify through "seriousness" the violence of his methods, Dr. Wagner conjectures that Europeans are frightened by American "action painting" because they have experienced too much historical action in recent years (has he seen the Younger European Painters show at the Guggenheim Museum?). I might close by saying that if "primitivism" in painting is to be considered in Mann's phrase "politically suspect," bad blood, false dichotomies, concealed motives, amalgams (Danz=Rosenberg=Pollack, et seq.) and twisted data *in articles*, and especially articles calling for "restoring balance and seriousness," seem to me in the present atmosphere much more malevolent.

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IN REPLY

I cannot see that Mr. Rosenberg's kind response to my article really rebuts its argument. For he assumes that I find the "new" painting of the abstract academicians (or "space-cadets," as Jack Levine likes to call them) to be "lively and attractive." So far as I am concerned, nothing could be less lively than our present "action" painting, unless the antics of a hen in hysterics may be said to be lively. As for its attractiveness . . .

It is interesting that Mr. Rosenberg writes of "the assassination of any new idea" in his effort to discredit my viewpoint, for I was primarily engaged in criticizing painting rather than an idea. It is symptomatic of the semantic dilemma into which so many of these abstract artists have fallen today that their champion should discuss the ideology before the craft of their painting. I tried to show, secondarily, that the idea behind the painting was rotten, a permissible, if erroneous, position, I should have thought. Nor is it true to suppose that the experimental art of our time has invariably been vilified "at the hour of its appearance" by the "eternal policemen of the Human." Conservative critics like Roger Fry and André Lhote were quick to recognize and praise formal qualities in Picasso's earliest innovations. I think the conception of opposition to Impressionism in France in the last century has also been slightly overdone. As Aline Saarinen has recently put it in the New York *Times,*

> The avant-garde artist may find a far easier acceptance today, but one wonders whether his critics are as good inquirers or interpreters as were his predecessors.

My argument was that experiment and innovation lies today on the side of those more formal painters who refuse to conform to the "action" directives so monotonously disseminated by the Gauleitern of *Art News.*

As to specific points: I stand by my belief that standards of technical discipline apply more in mediums of publication for a writer than a painter in this country now. The New Critics, *Partisan Review,* asks Mr. Rosenberg? Answer: yes. I do not see how I have in any way distorted Mr. Rosenberg's apology for "action" painters in *Art News,* despite my printer's lowering of case for "Modern Art," an irreverent lapse for which I apologize. But let us read Mr. Rosenberg in this same article on "Modern Art":

> These reactions suggest what Modern Art actually is. It is not a certain kind of art object. It is not even a Style. It has nothing to do either with the period when a thing was made nor with the intention of the maker. It is

> something that someone has had the power to designate as psychologically, aesthetically or ideologically relevant to our epoch. The question of the driftwood is: *Who* found it?

It may be that "Herr Doktor Wagner," faced with these arcane periods, "doesn't know how to read," it may be; but on the whole I do not believe I have falsified Mr. Rosenberg's encomium, as I do not believe I have misrepresented his review of Louis Danz's work. Mr. Rosenberg's review of this book struck me as highly flattering, concluding, as it did, "This, then, is a Wisdom Book . . .," etc. Finally, as regards the political "issue," as Mr. Rosenberg calls it, I would recommend the reader to cast an eye over the editorial to *Art News* for May 1954 in which a number of American artists are singled out and "named."

But all this acrimony, this "liberal" ration of hot ginger spent at my expense, seems a pity. There is so much well-nigh hysterical polemical writing appearing on behalf of the painting I dislike just now that a mild rebuke, such as my own, did not seem wholly out of place. The temper of Mr. Rosenberg's rejoinder does little, I fear, to relieve me of my old "Order and Beauty sheriff" ideas. In fact, it seems but another example of that Vehmic mind which goes so closely with the painting it supports (*you like it my way, or else . . .*). I am not the first to reproach the drip-school with the charge of extravagance and I am not the first, it seems, to have *meila moida* screamed at me as a consequence. Such discrete opinions are unpopular, one is made aware. I am sory Mr. Rosenberg and I cannot get together on this point, but I must leave him with his decayed forms. Just as I must leave *Art News* with its statement on Dubuffet's new paintings, "by throwing quality away, quality is what he attains." "Wildly to acclaim disaster is the worst type of defeatism," Wyndham Lewis wrote recently. "There is nothing so bad as lyrical enthusiasm about defeat." Alas, the penalties of barbarism are heavy.

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